

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

HANNA-
BARBERA

GIANT 25¢
THE

FLINTSTONES

BIGGER and
BOULDER



A Flintstone Funny



Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES BIGGER and BOULDER

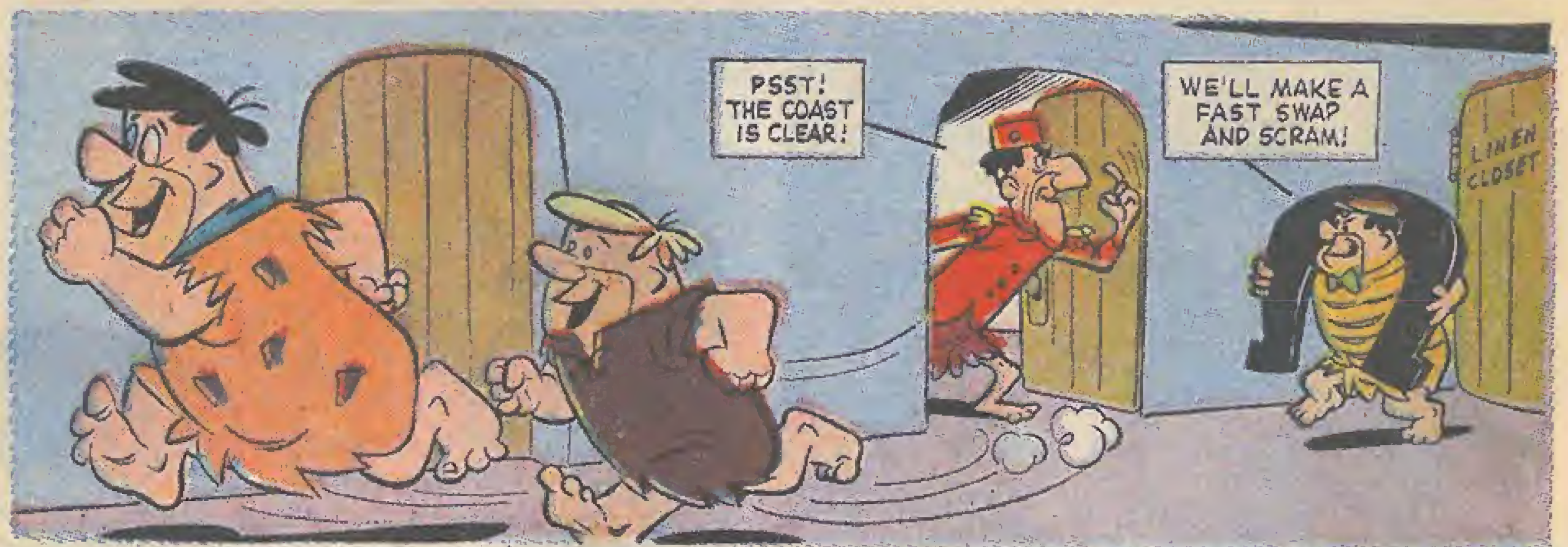


30013-608
FLINTSTONES #2-666

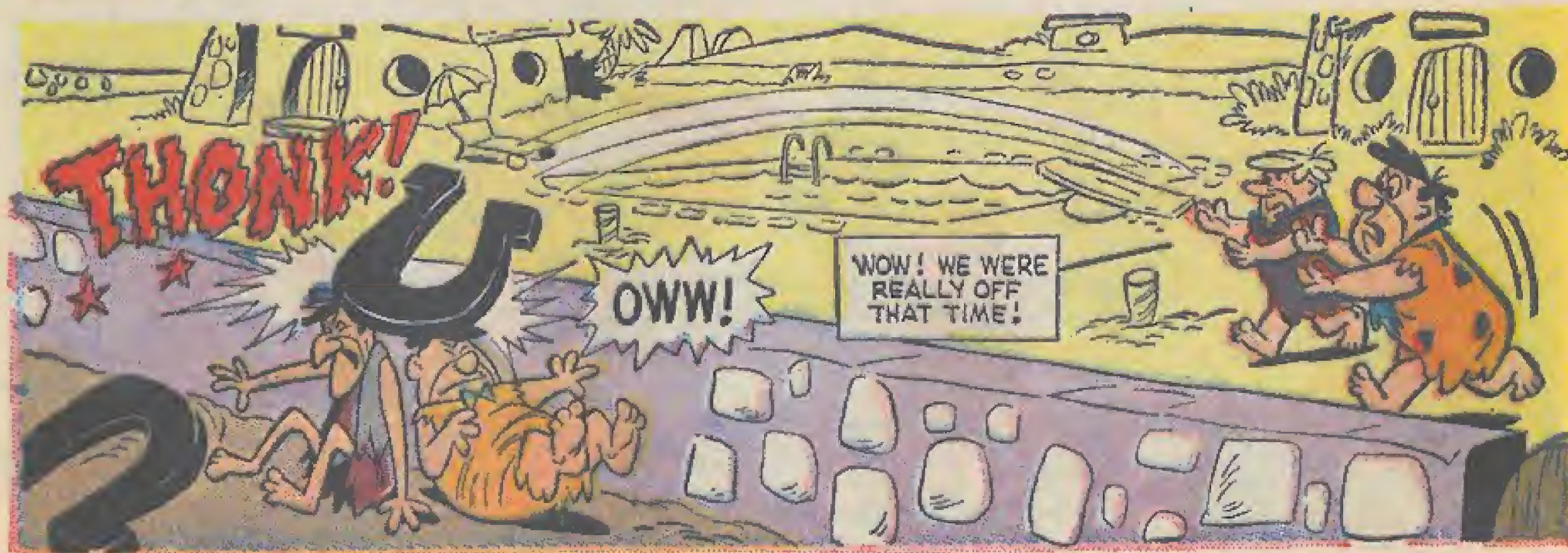
THE FLINTSTONES BIGGER AND BOULDER, No. 2. Published by K.K. Publications, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. Single copies in U.S.A. and Canada 25c. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing and Lithographing Company. Second printing. Copyright © 1962, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.



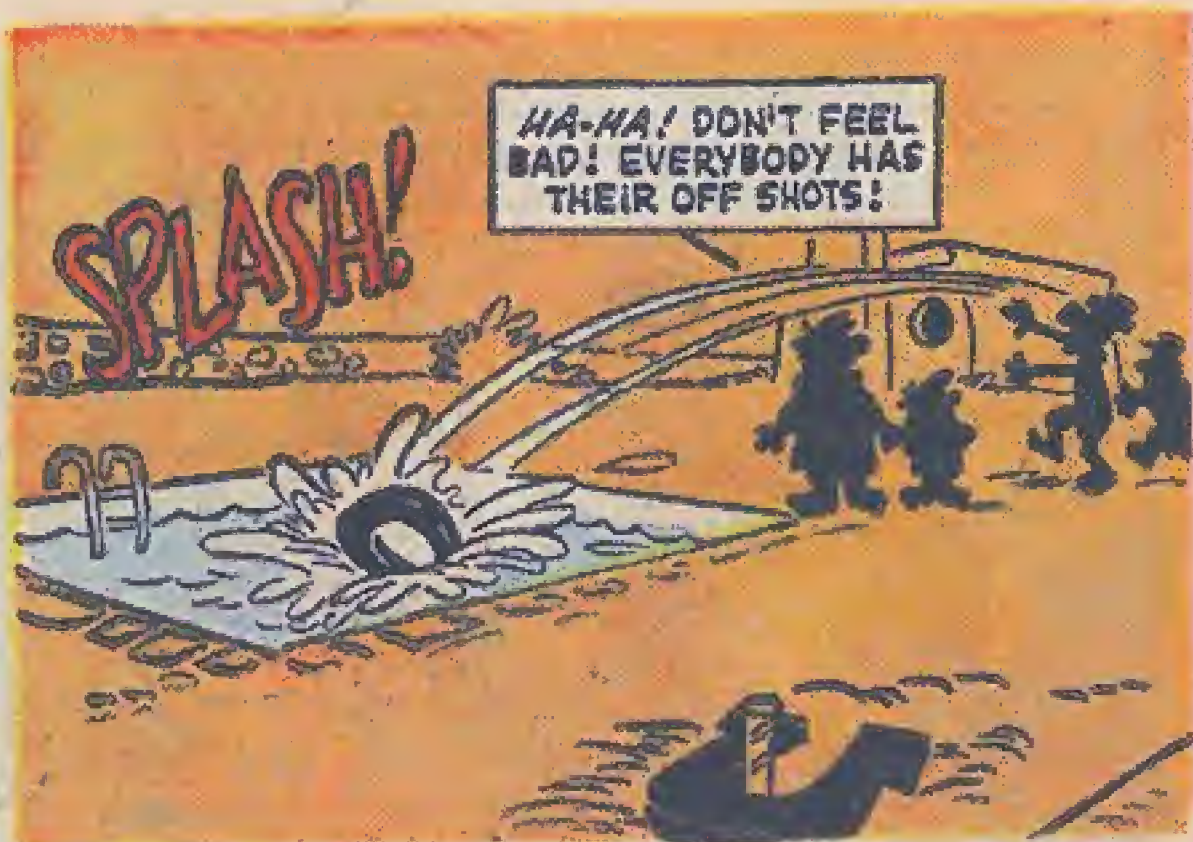




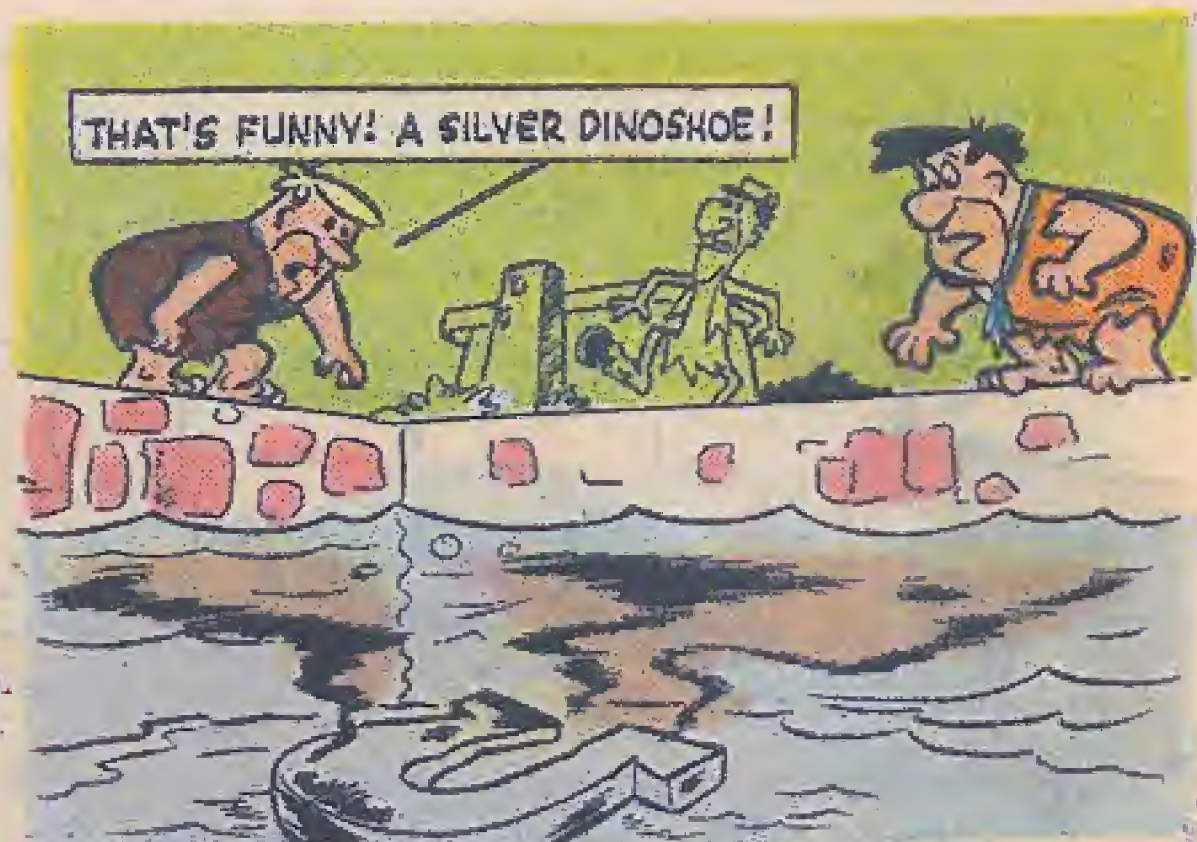








HA-HA! DON'T FEEL BAD! EVERYBODY HAS THEIR OFF SHOTS!



THAT'S FUNNY! A SILVER DINOSHOE!



IDIOT! DIDN'T YOU USE WATER-PROOF PAINT ON THIS THING?

WE WERE IN A HURRY! I USED THE FIRST THING I COULD GRAB!



SEE YOU LATER! WE HAVE TO BE SOMEWHERE FOR LUNCH!

HEY! WHEN YOU SAID LUNCH, I RECOGNIZED YOU! YOU WERE THE BELLHOP IN GRANITA!



THESE GUYS KNOW TOO MUCH! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM WITH US!

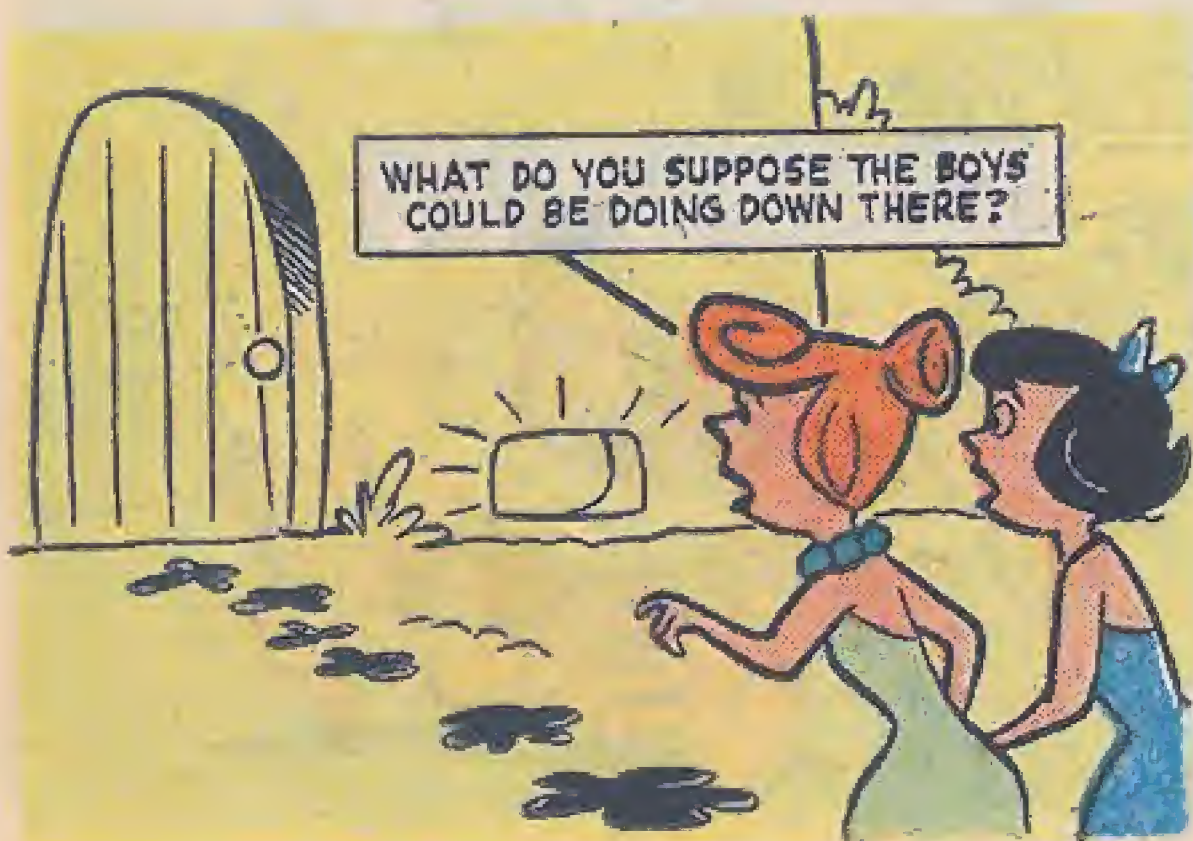
ULP!

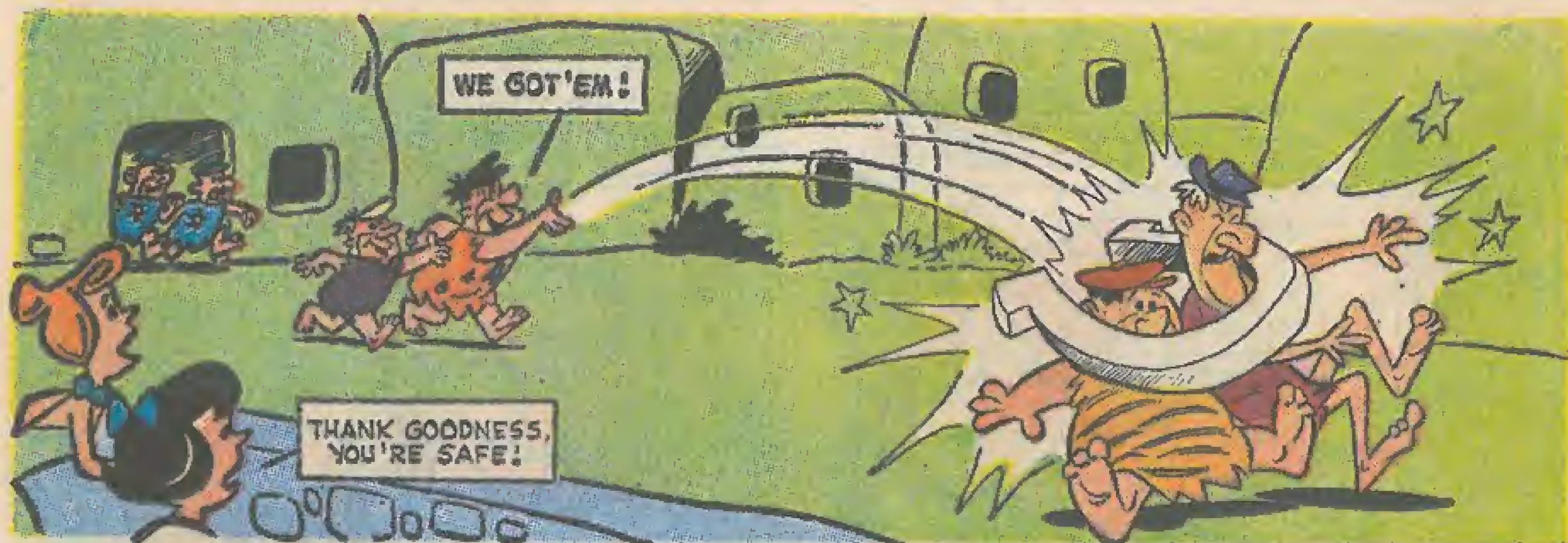


LATER...

WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THE BOYS ARE? IT'S TIME FOR LUNCH!

THEY'RE SO SLOPPY, IT'LL BE EASY TO FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL! LOOKS AS IF THEY WERE PAINTING SOMETHING!



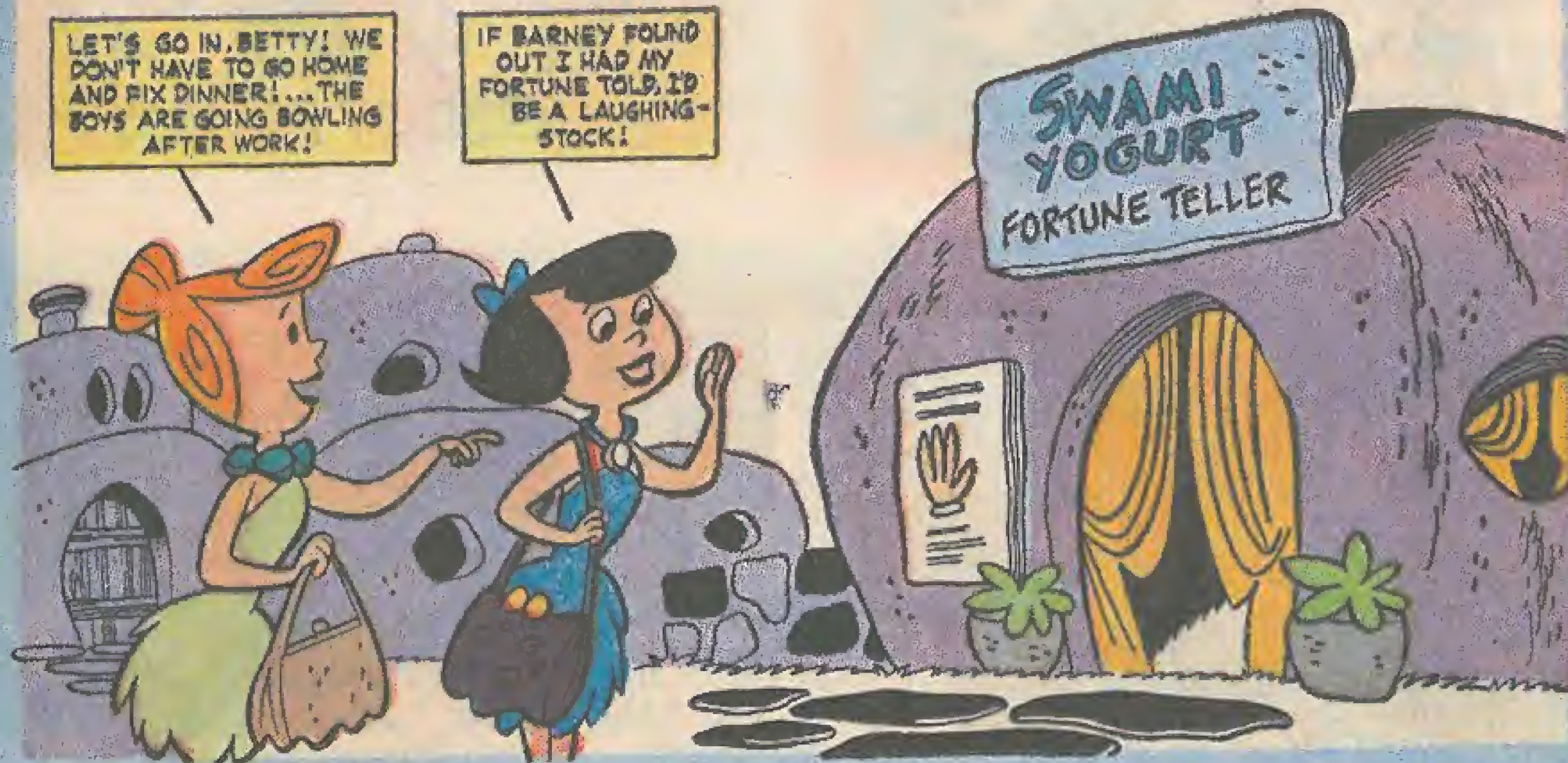


Hanna-Barbera
the FLINTSTONES

THE CRYSTAL BALL GAME

LET'S GO IN, BETTY! WE
DON'T HAVE TO GO HOME
AND FIX DINNER!...THE
BOYS ARE GOING BOWLING
AFTER WORK!

IF BARNEY FOUND
OUT I HAD MY
FORTUNE TOLD, I'D
BE A LAUGHING-
STOCK!



SAME WITH FRED!

I WONDER WHERE
THE SWAMI IS?

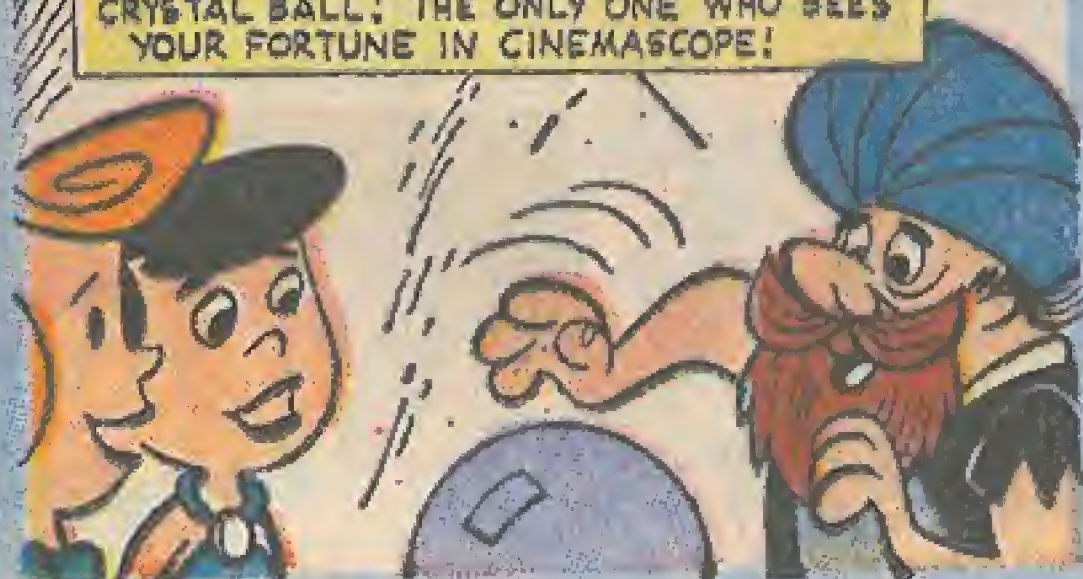


GREETINGS! YOU LADIES CAME
TO HAVE YOUR FORTUNES TOLD!

GEE, HE
READ OUR
MINDS
ALREADY!

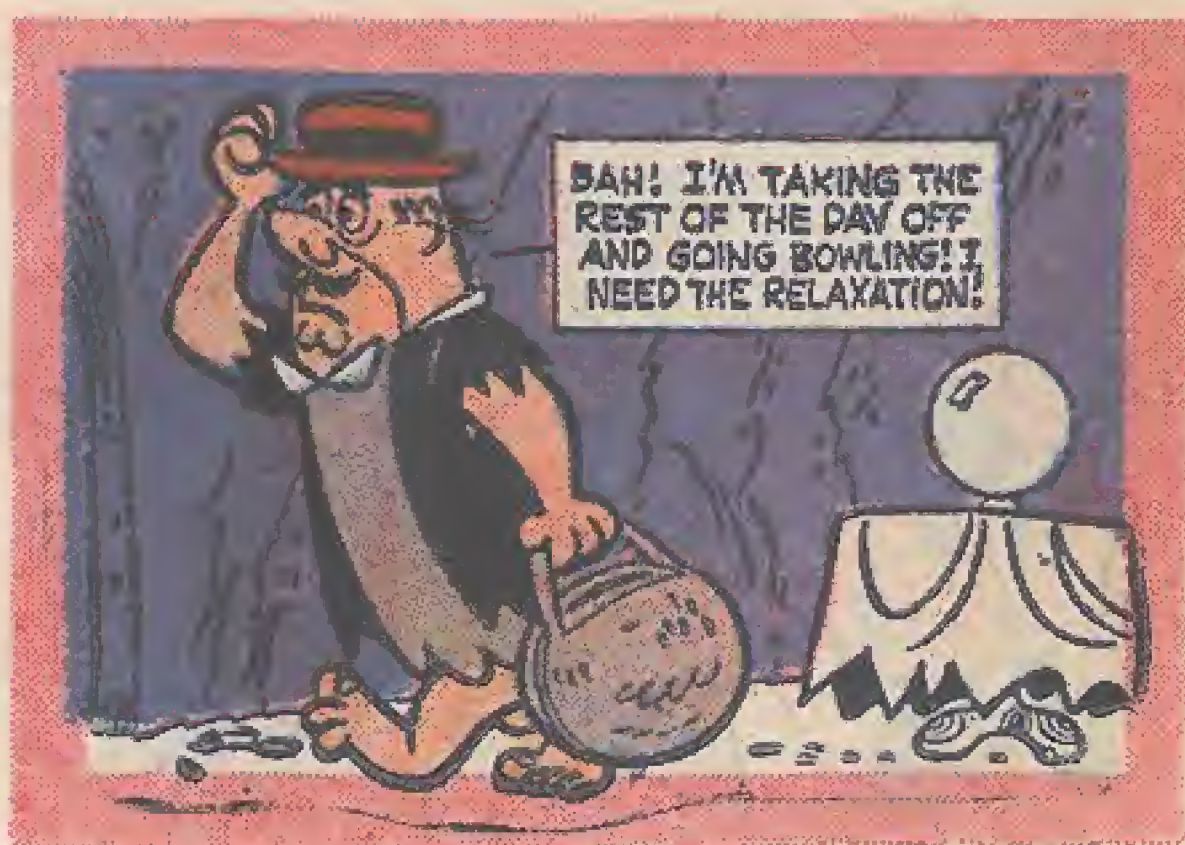


SWAMI YOGURT SEES ALL, IN HIS KING-SIZE
CRYSTAL BALL! THE ONLY ONE WHO SEES
YOUR FORTUNE IN CINEMASCOPE!



YOU WILL BOTH MEET
TALL, DARK STRANGERS!
YOU WILL BOTH HAVE
GOOD LUCK THIS MONTH!





LATER, AT THE BEDROCK BOWL...

HEH-HEH! THESE NEW RAINBOW BALLS ARE REALLY SOMETHING, AREN'T THEY?

THEY SURE ARE, FRED! EVERYBODY IS ADMIRING THEM! I JUST HOPE THE GIRLS DON'T FIND OUT!



YEAH! EVEN WILMA'S PICTURE WOULD SCOWL AT ME IF SHE FOUND OUT I SPENT MY SAVINGS FOR THIS NEW BALL!



AND I'D GET PLENTY OF TROUBLE FROM MY BETTY RUBBLE!

THOSE ARE THE WOMEN WHO WERE AT MY PLACE!



DON'T WORRY, PAL! WE'LL HIDE THEM IN MY TOOL SHED! THE GIRLS WILL NEVER KNOW!

THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK! I'LL CALL THAT BETTY RUBBLE, AND REALLY LOOK AS IF I CAN PREDICT THE FUTURE!



SWAMI YOGURT CALLS THE GIRLS, AND THEIR FEMALE CURIOSITY GETS THE BEST OF THEM...

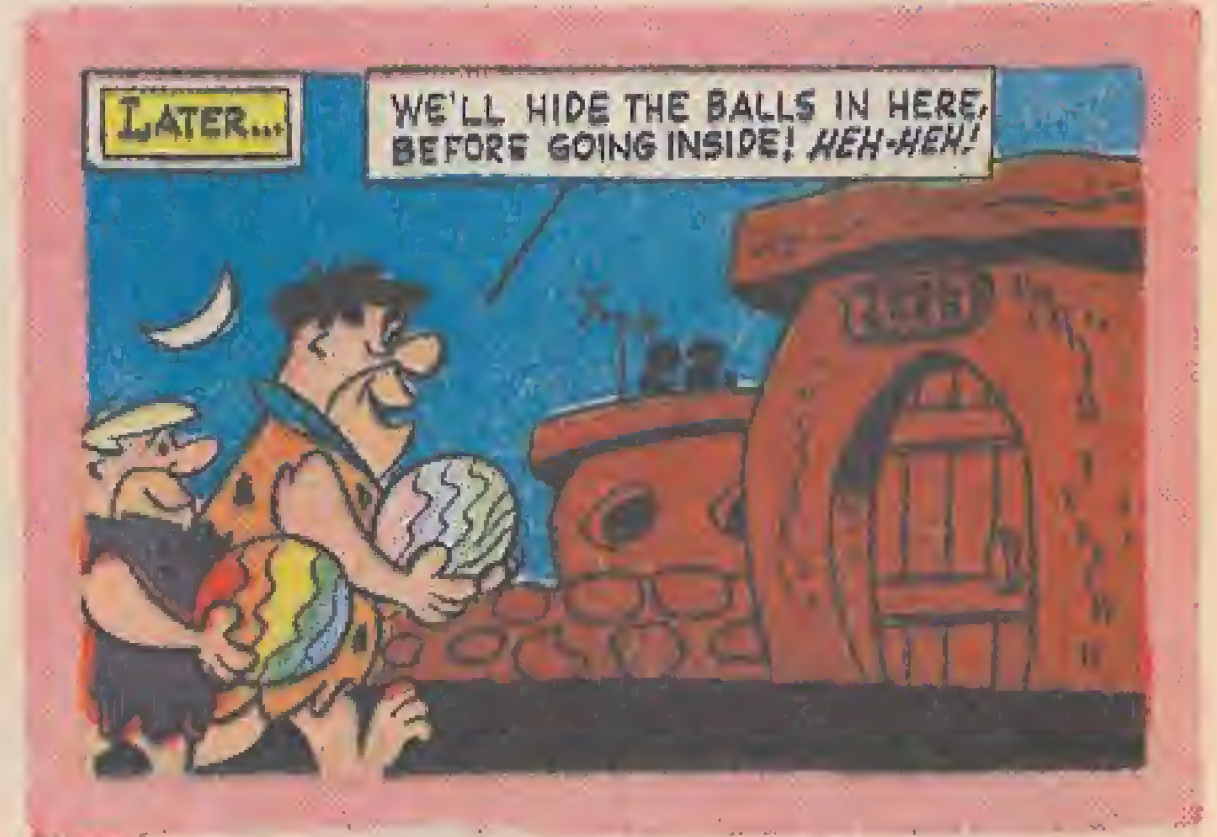
YOU SAID YOU HAD A MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD! IS THIS A GAG?

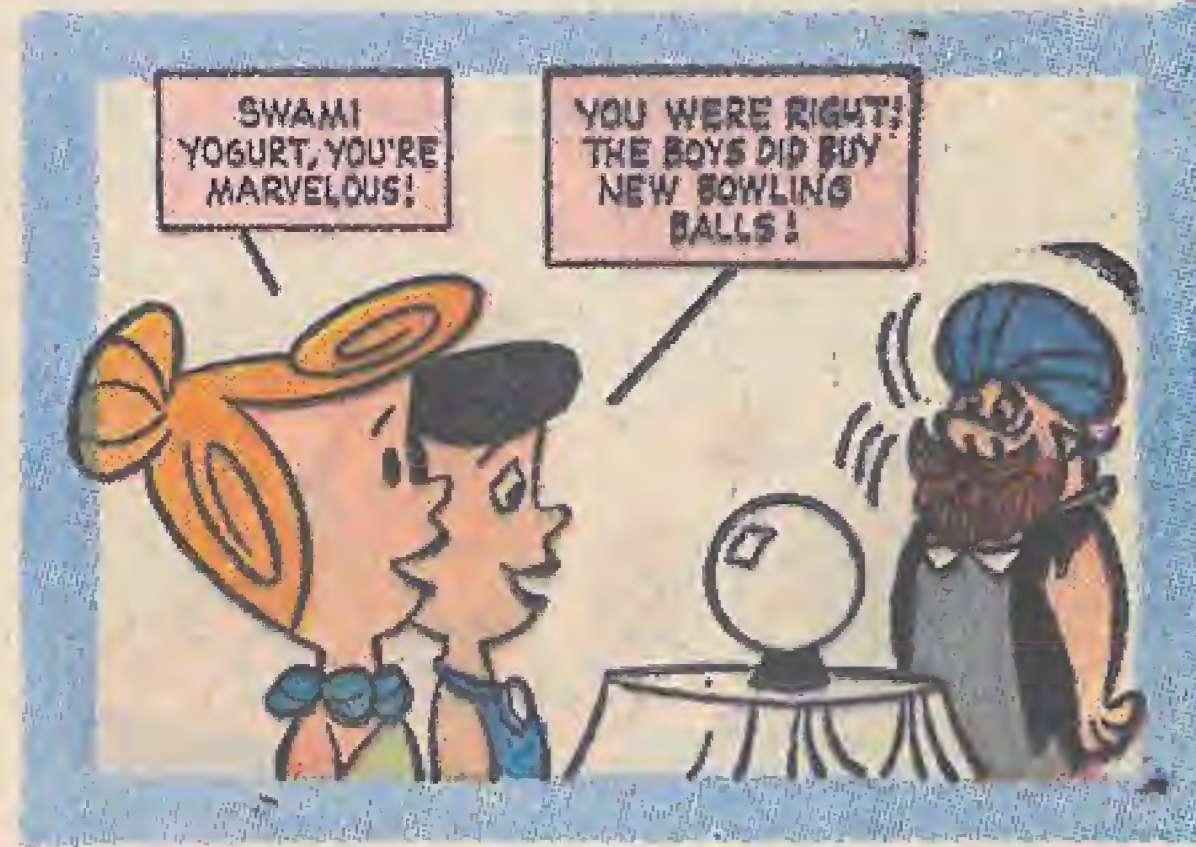
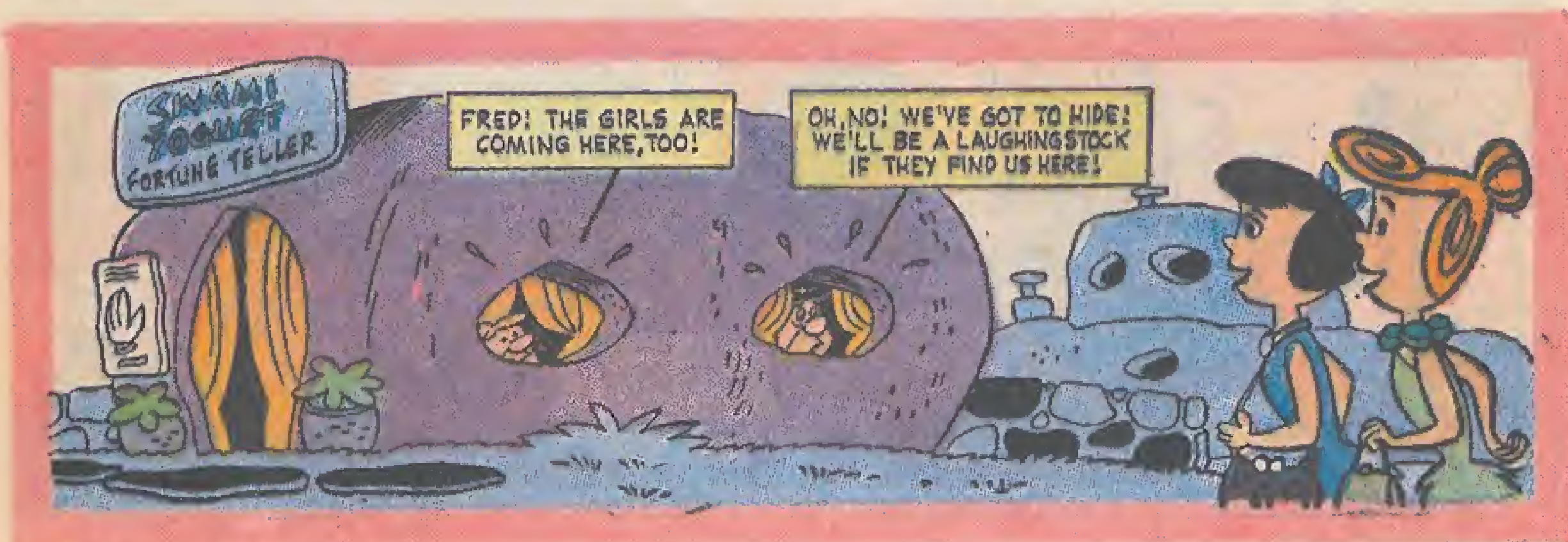


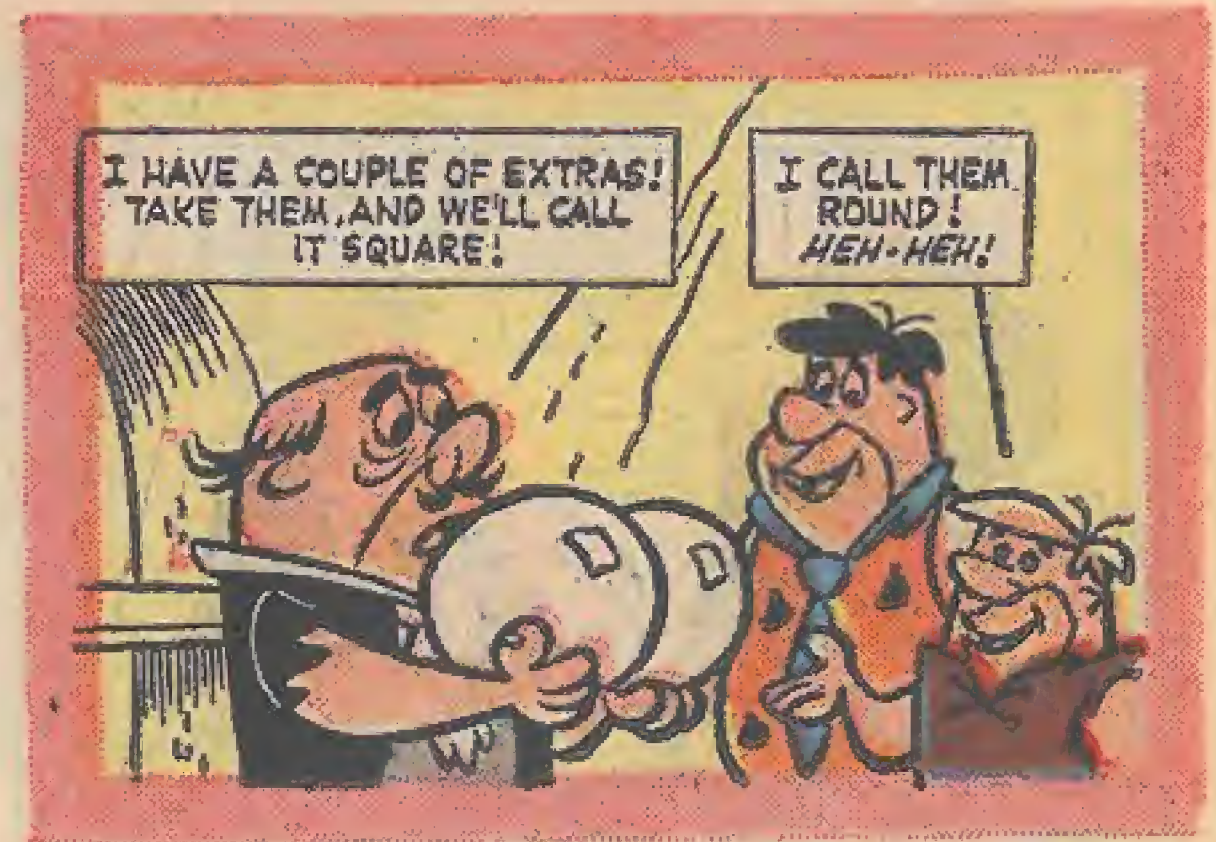
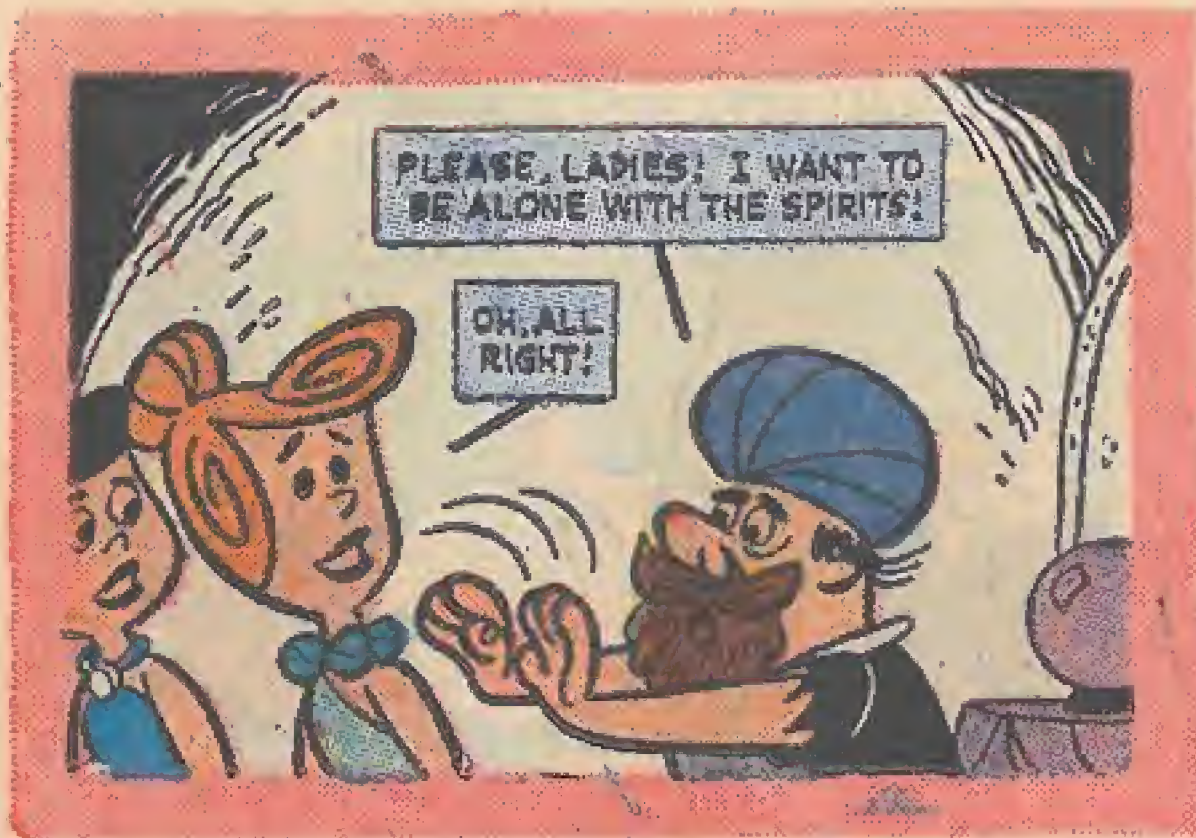
NO! AFTER YOU LEFT, SOME STRANGE IMAGES APPEARED IN THE CRYSTAL BALL!

THIS BETTER BE BETTER THAN THE LAST TIME!

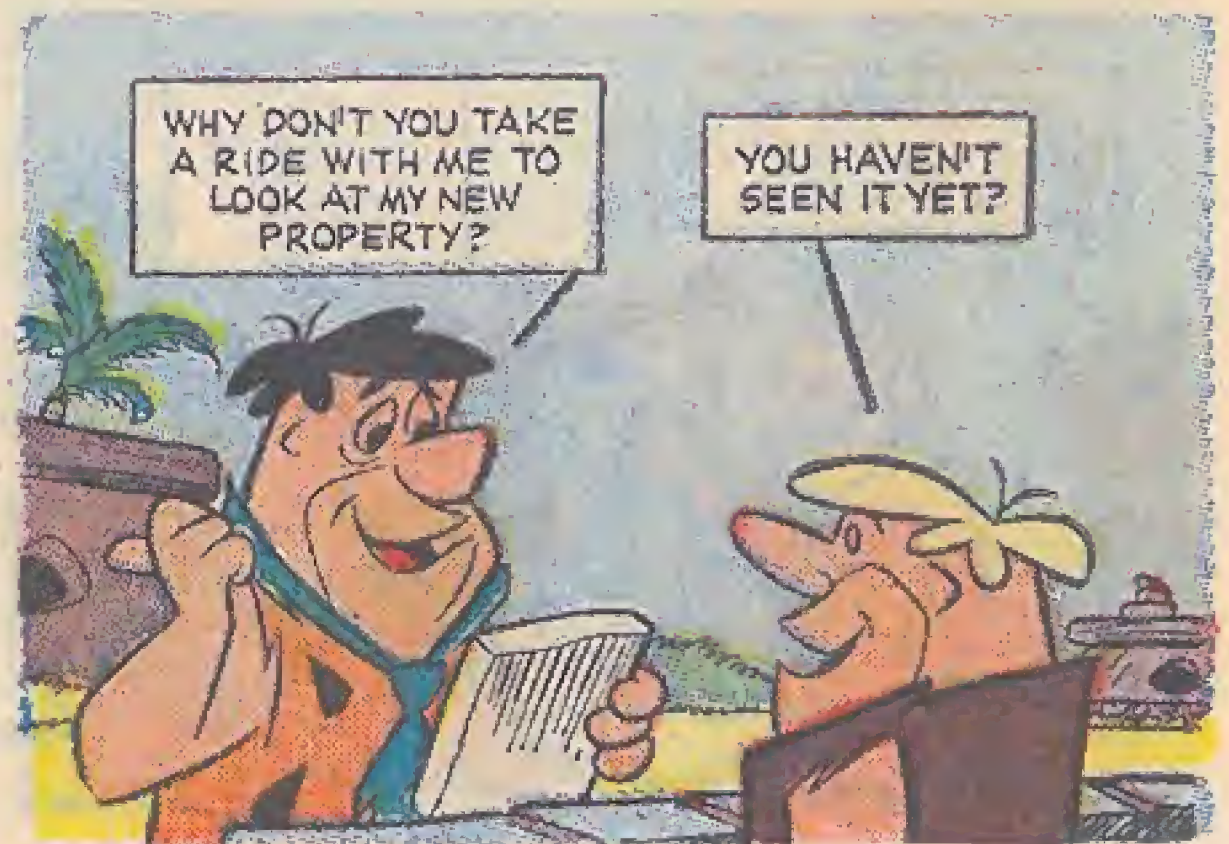


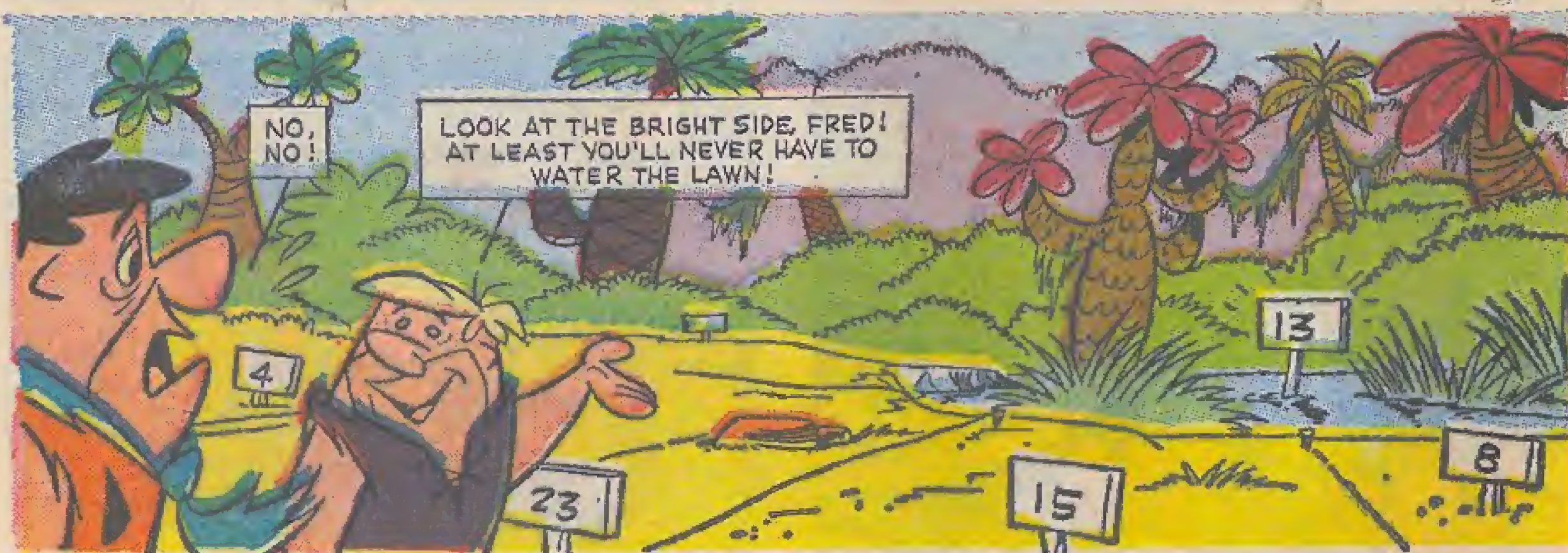




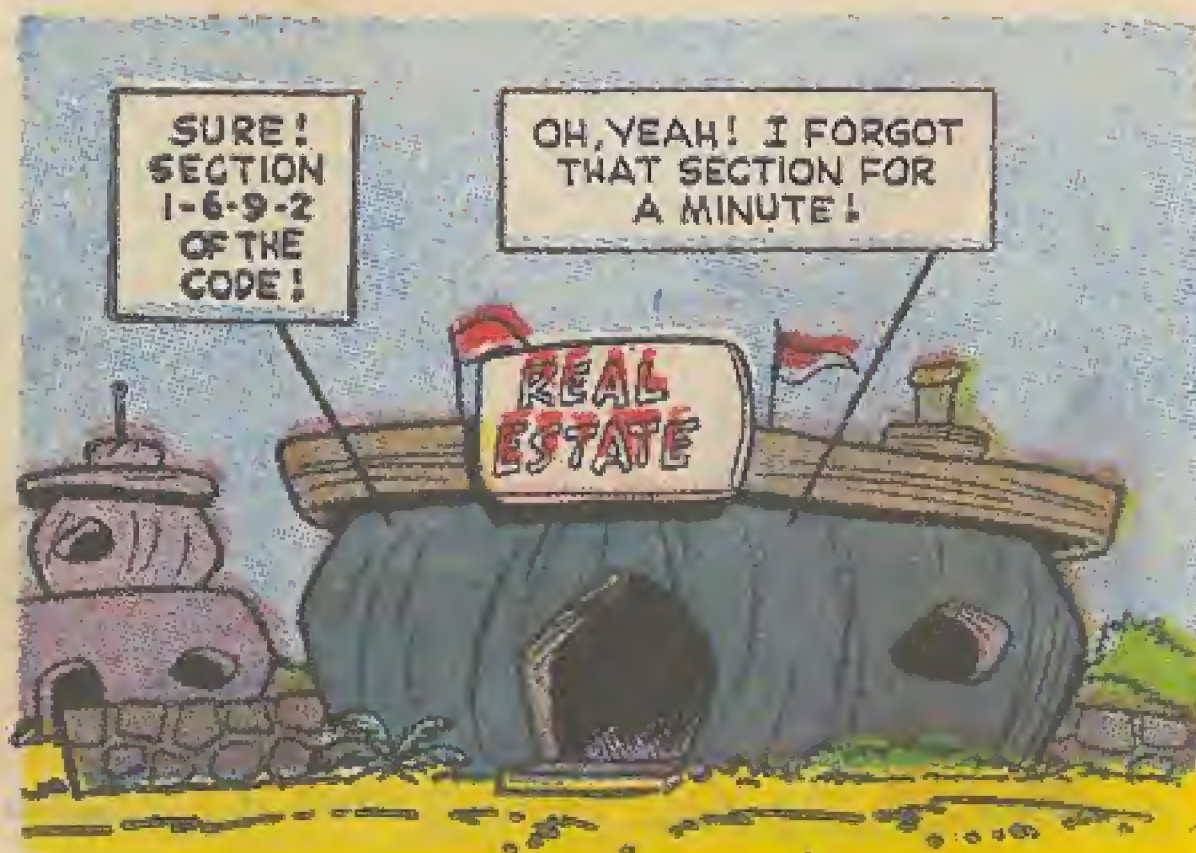
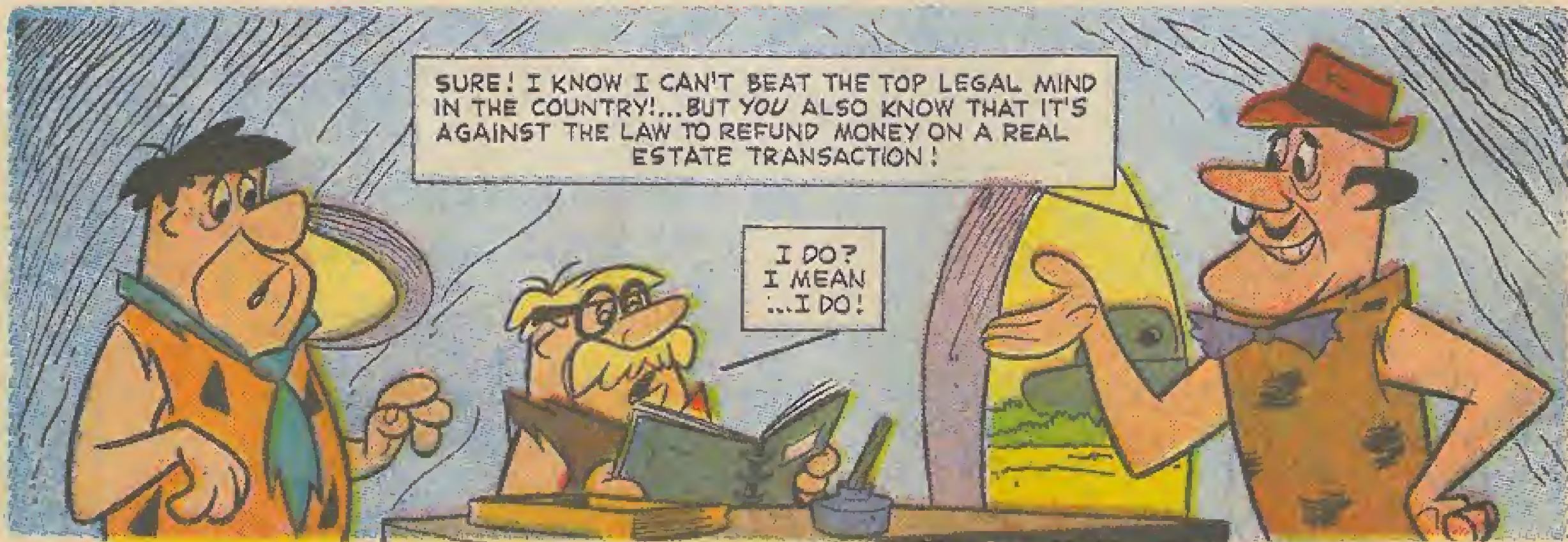
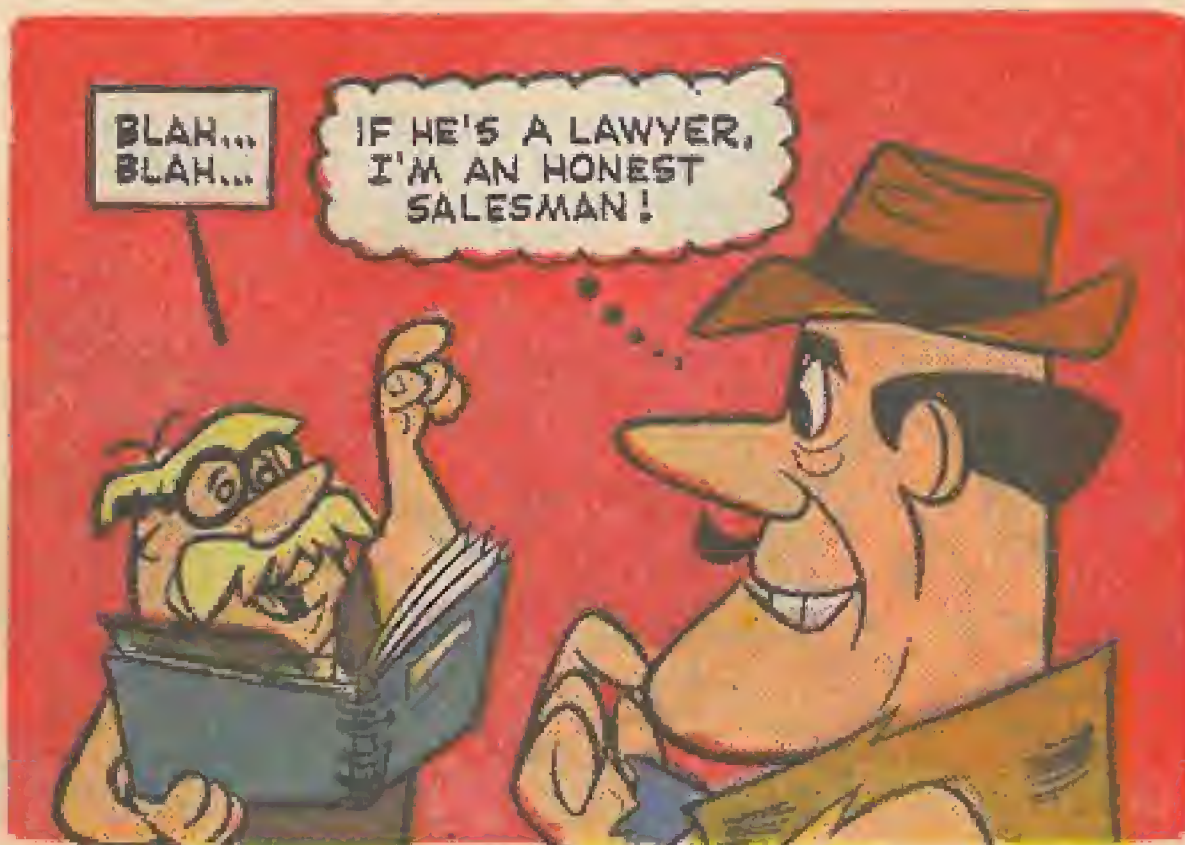


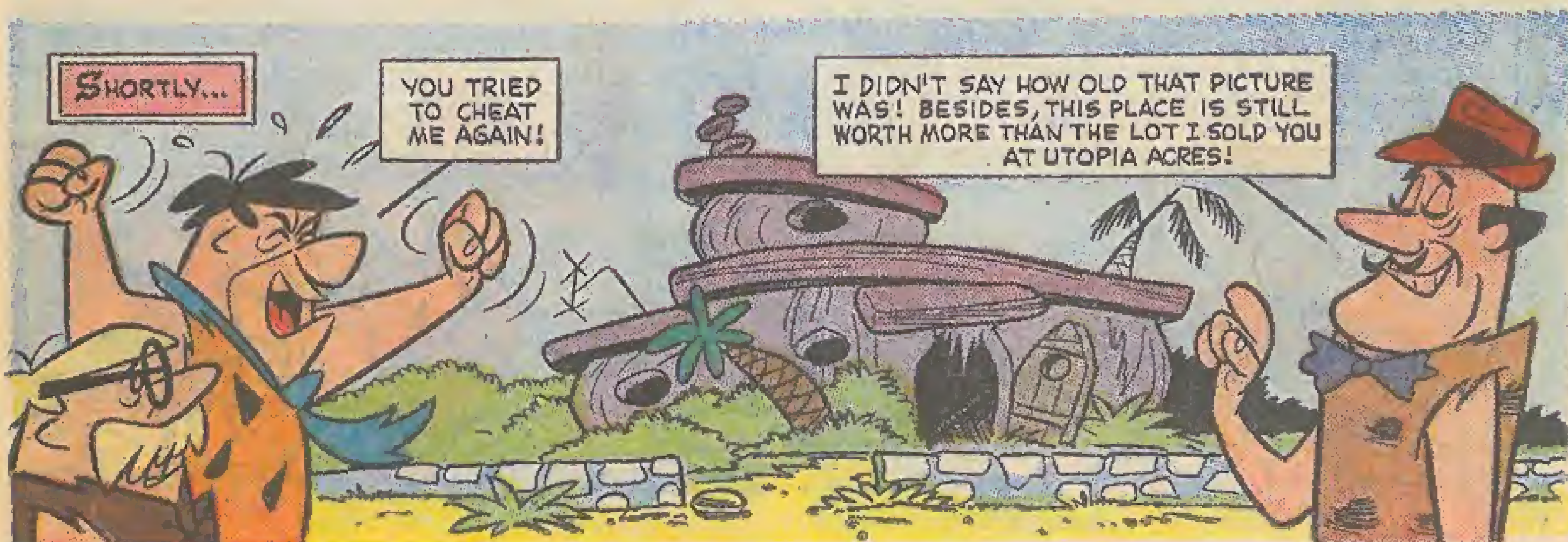
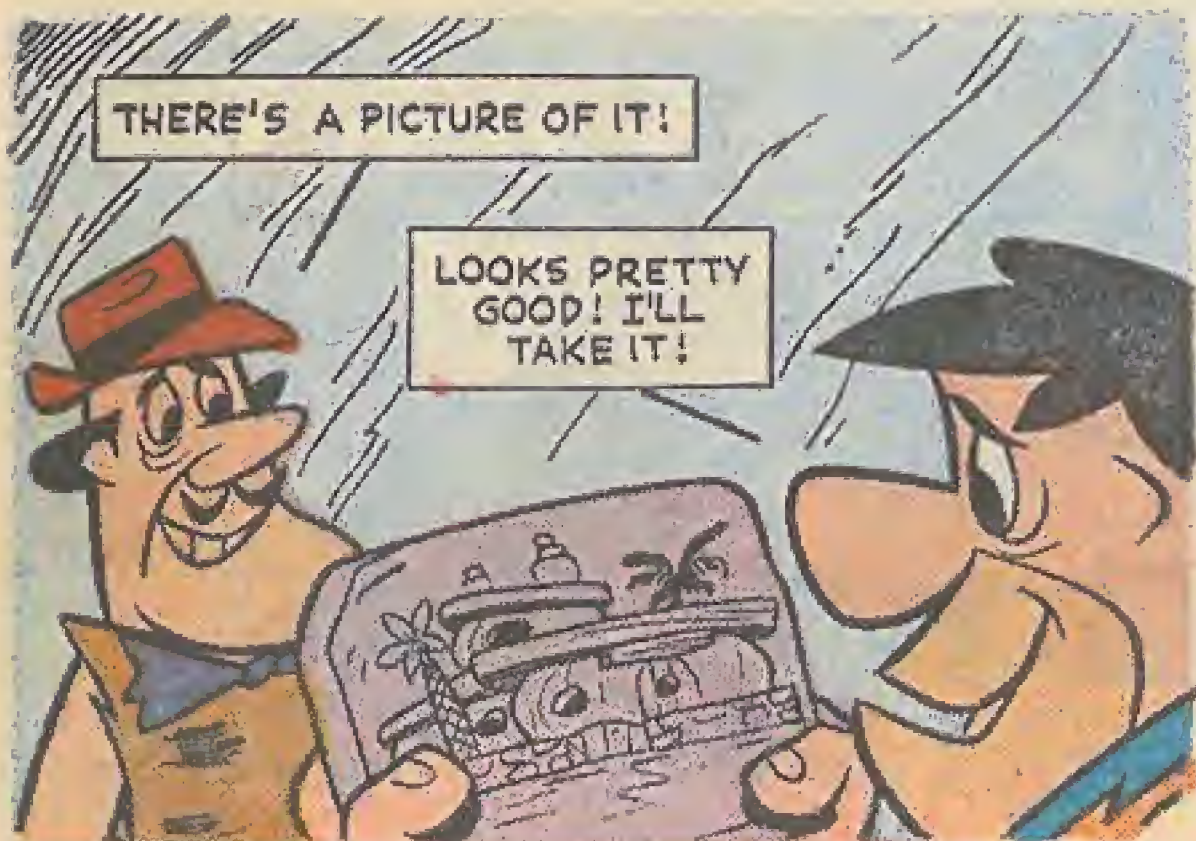
FOR LAND SALES

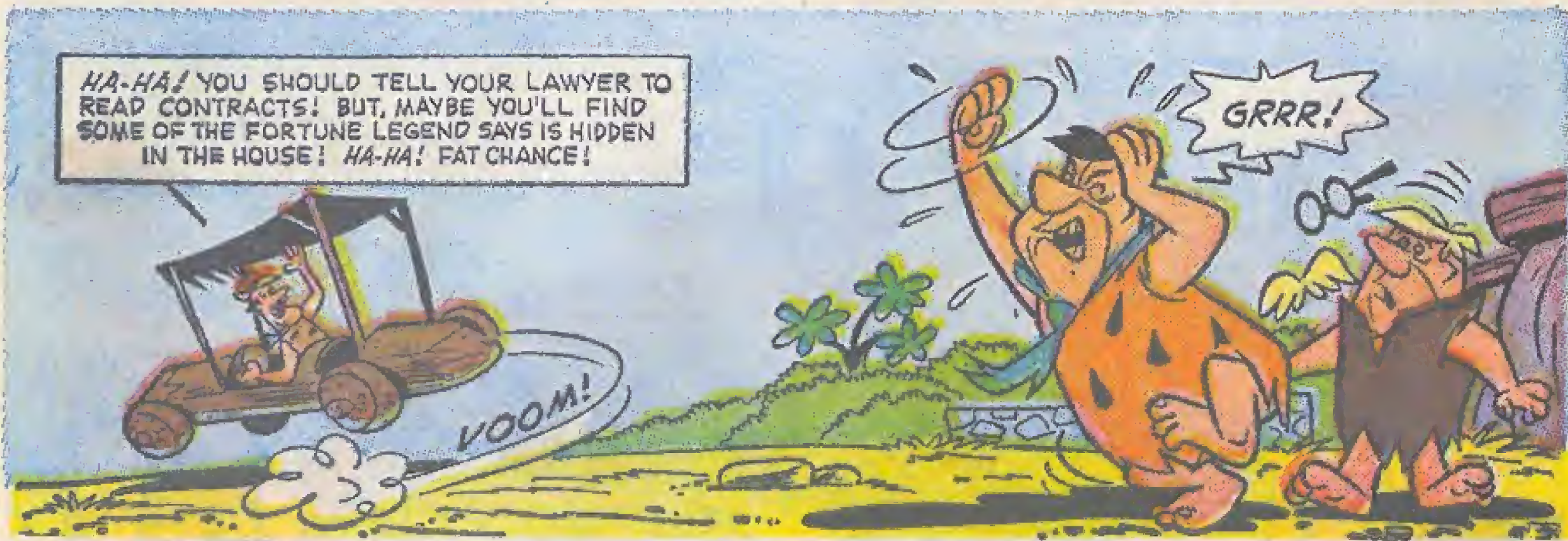




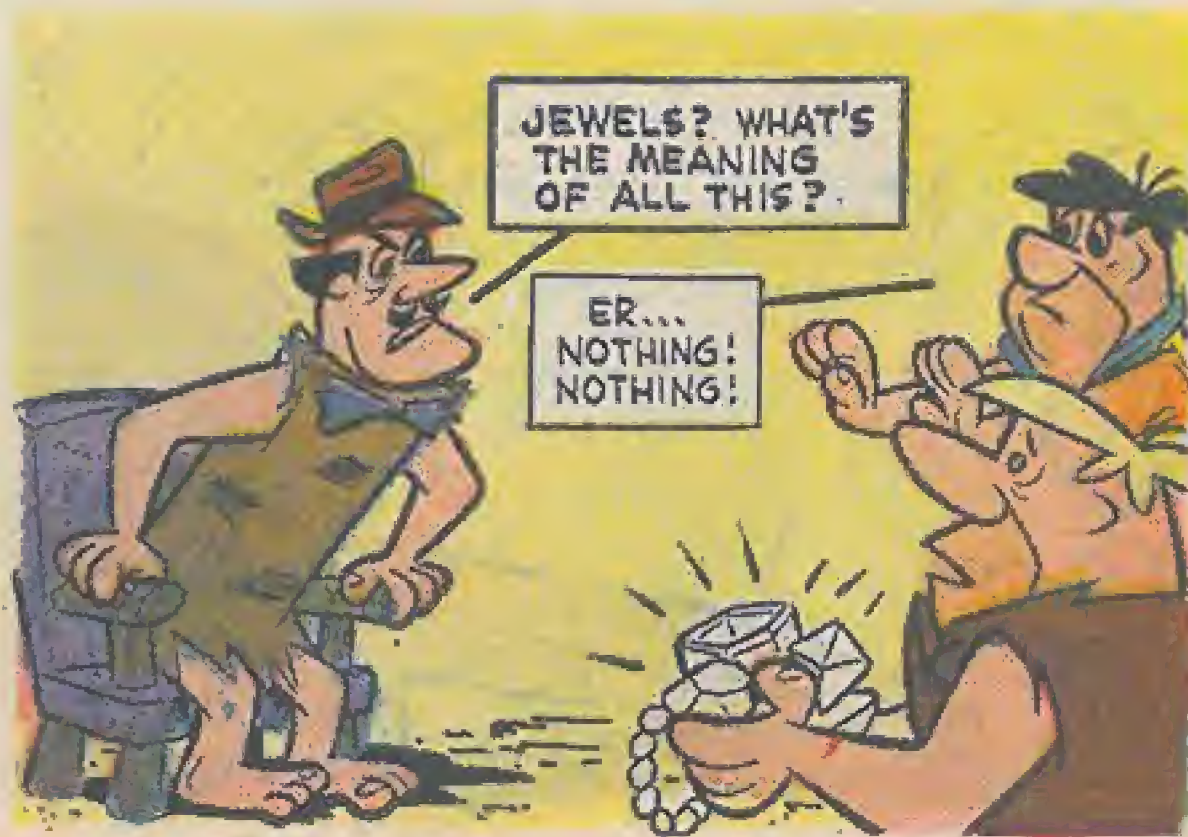












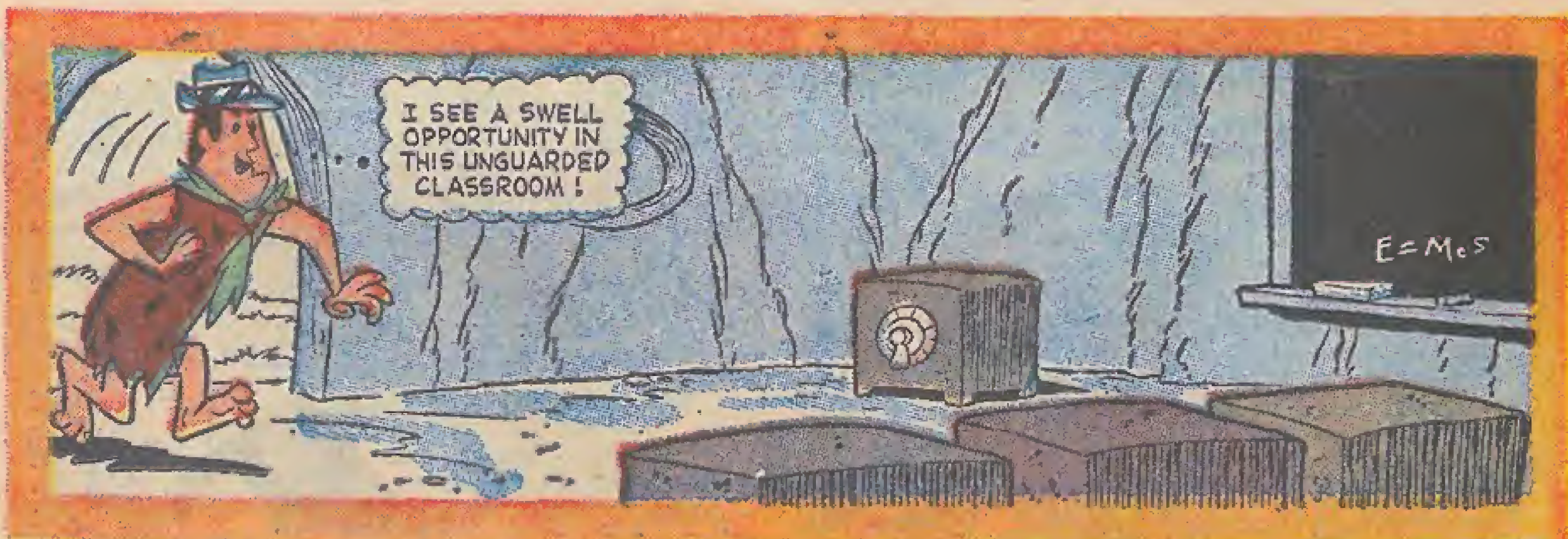
Hanna-Barbera
PERRY GUNNITE

PLAYING IT SAFE



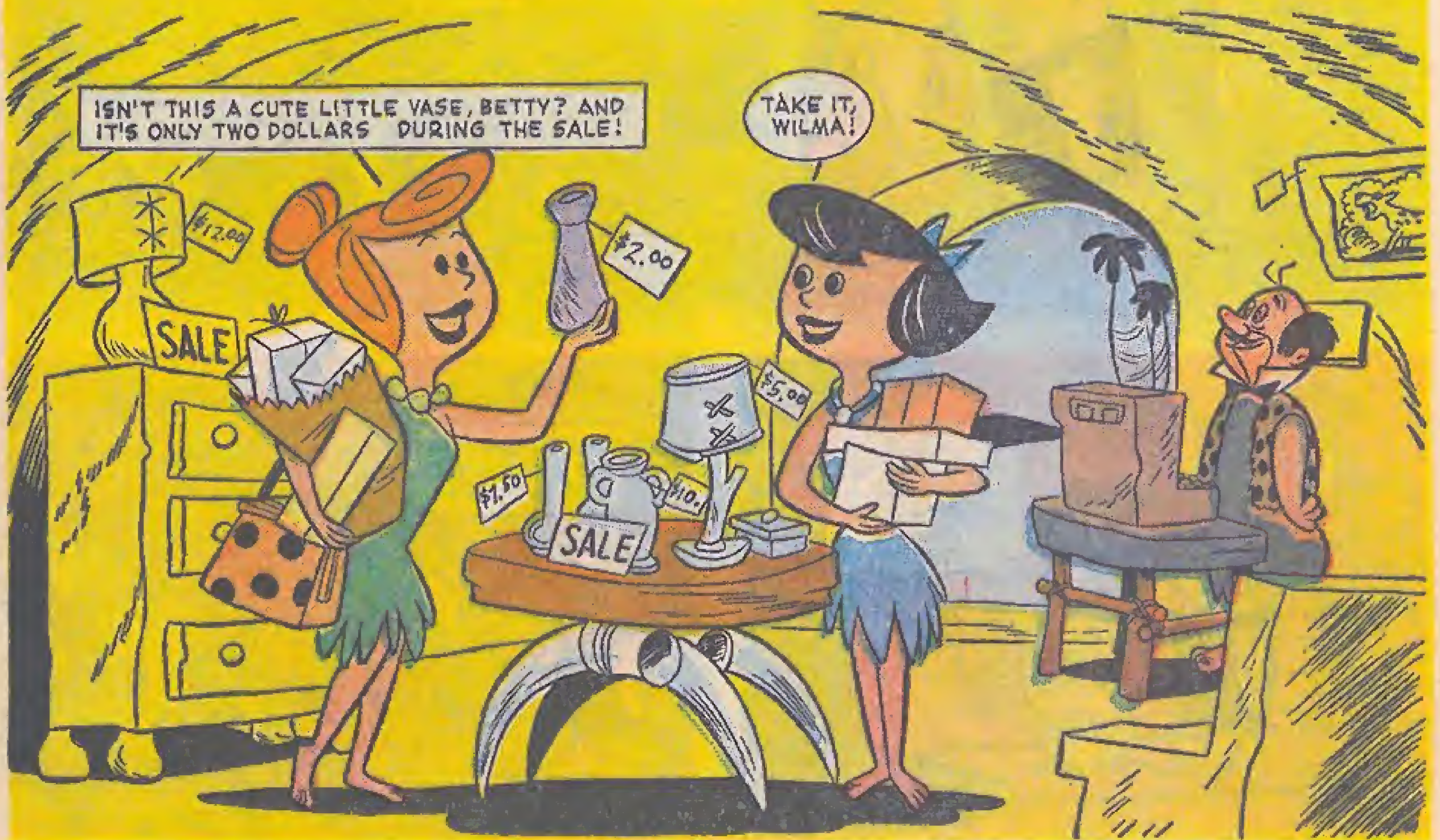






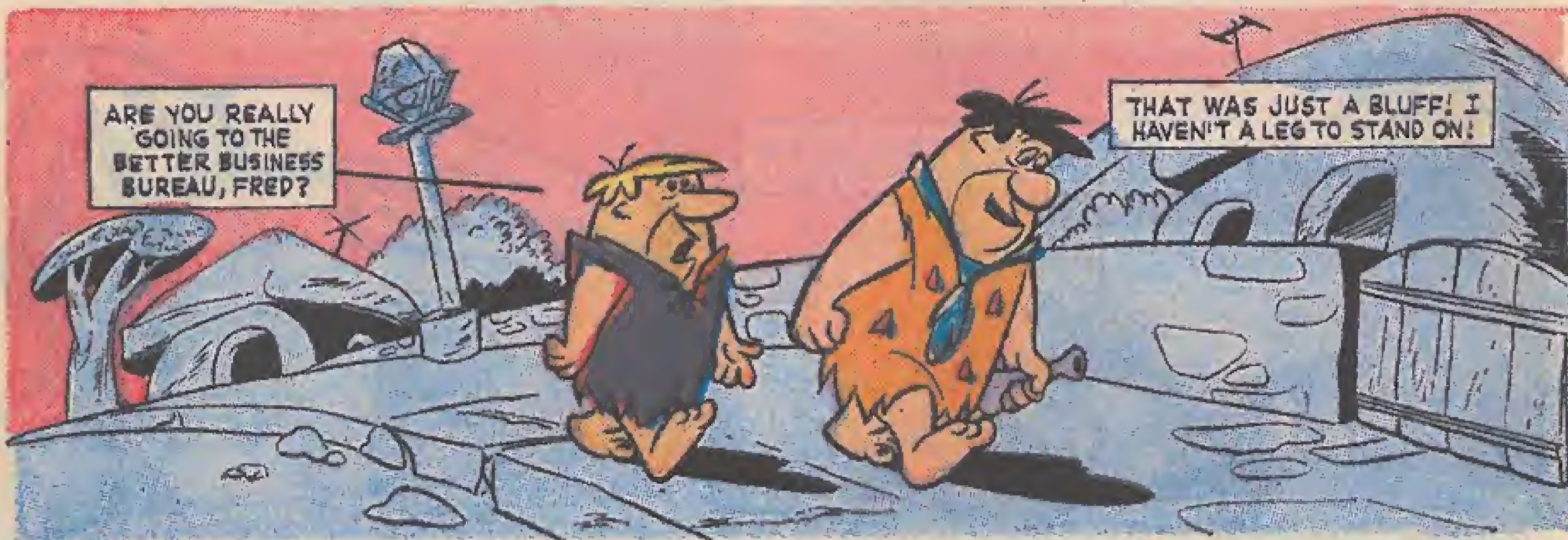


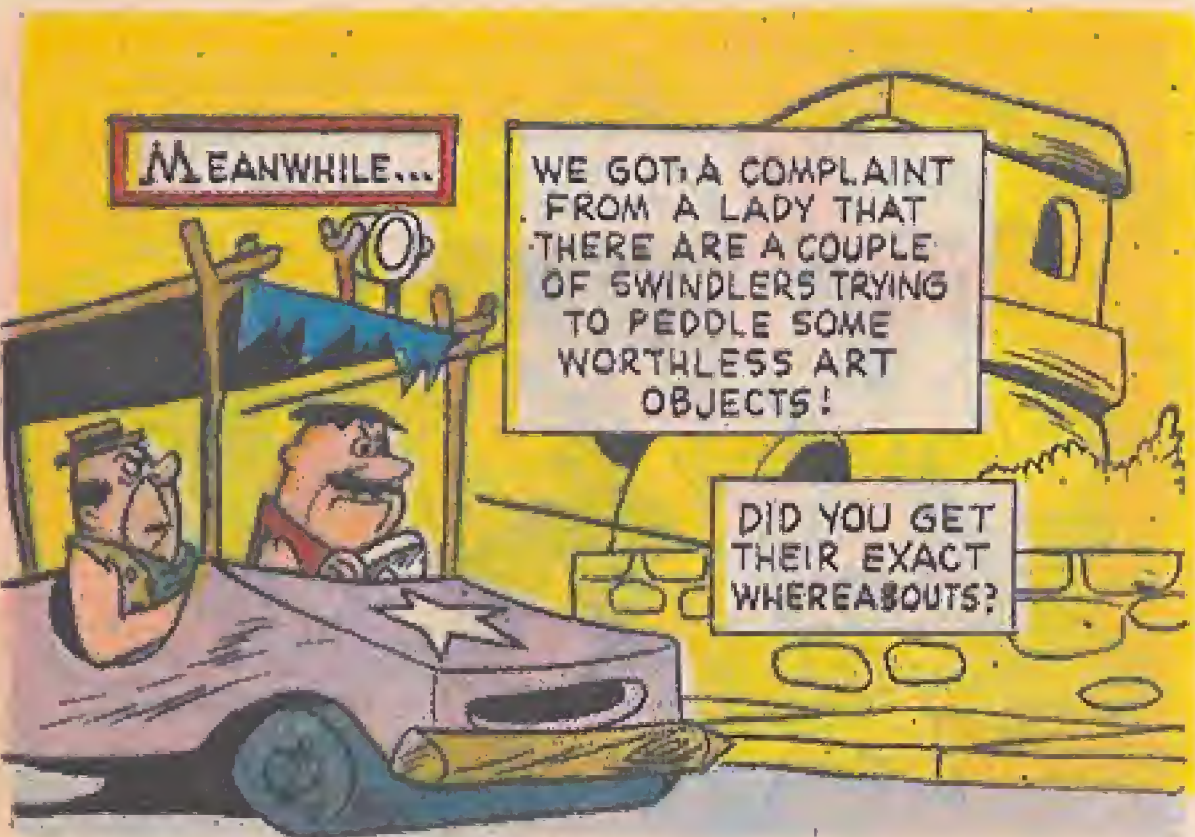




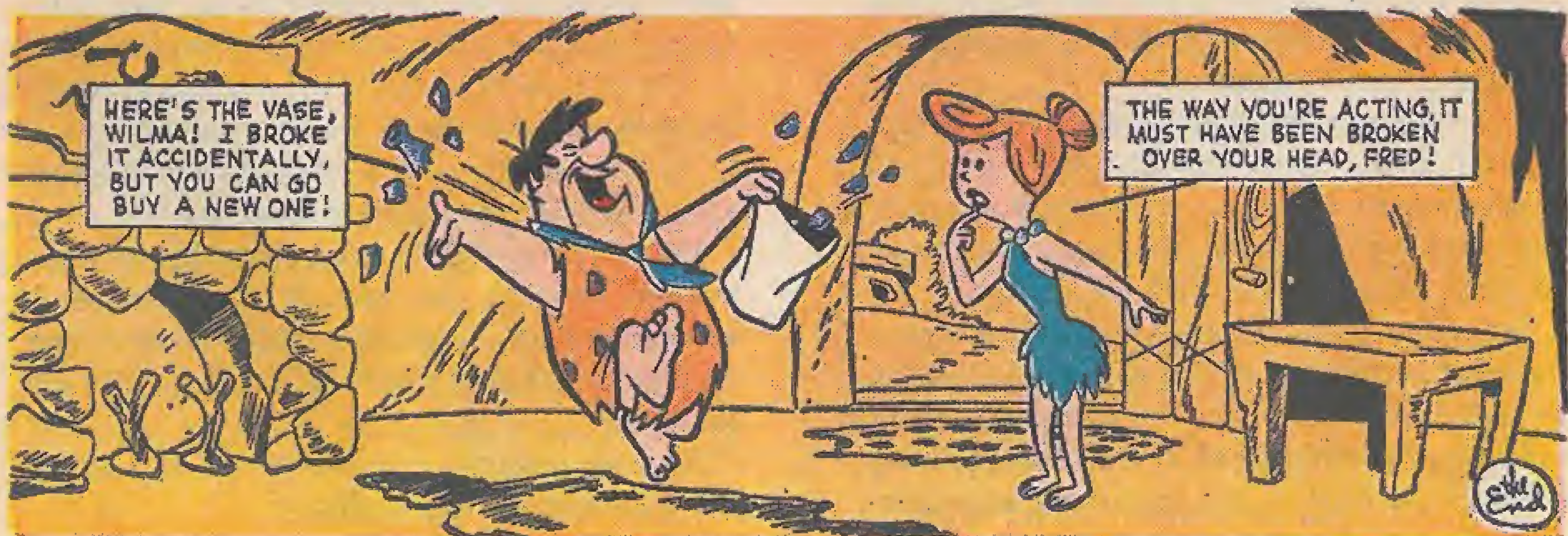
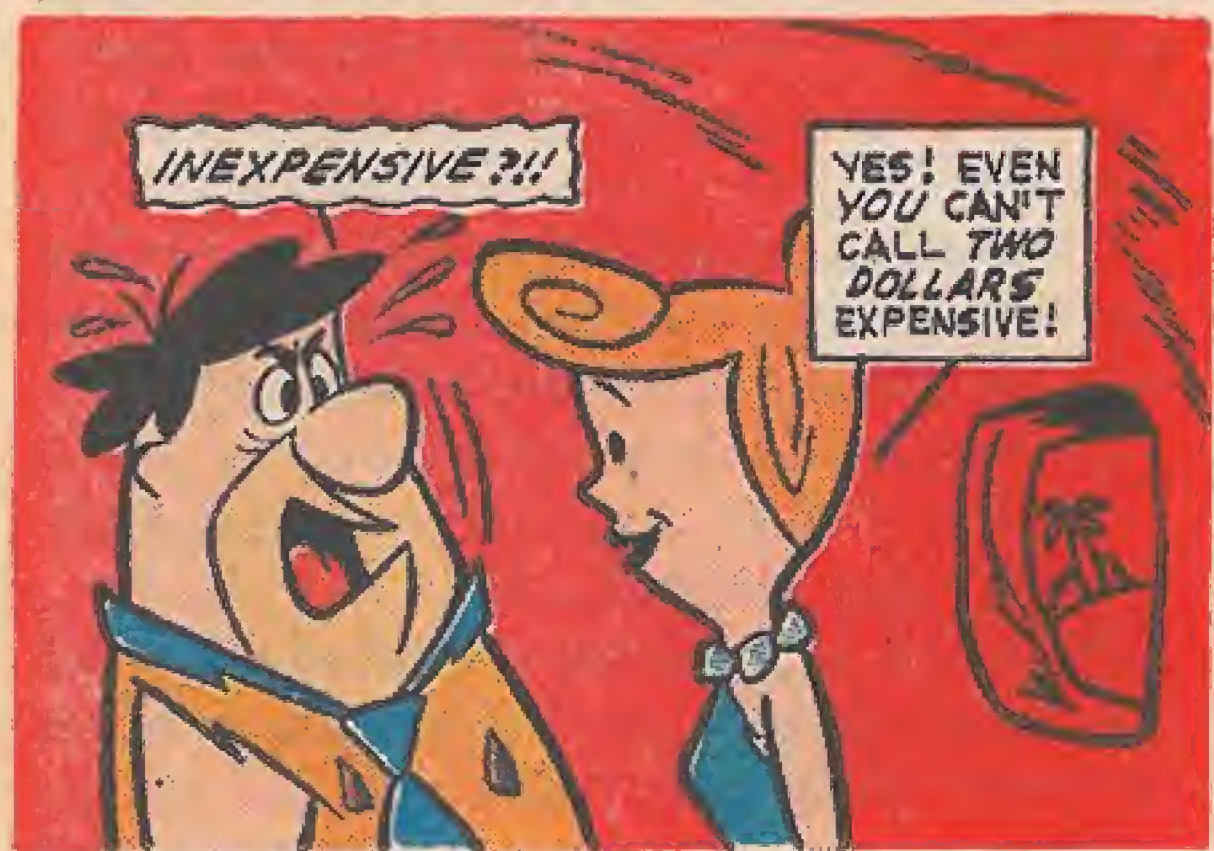
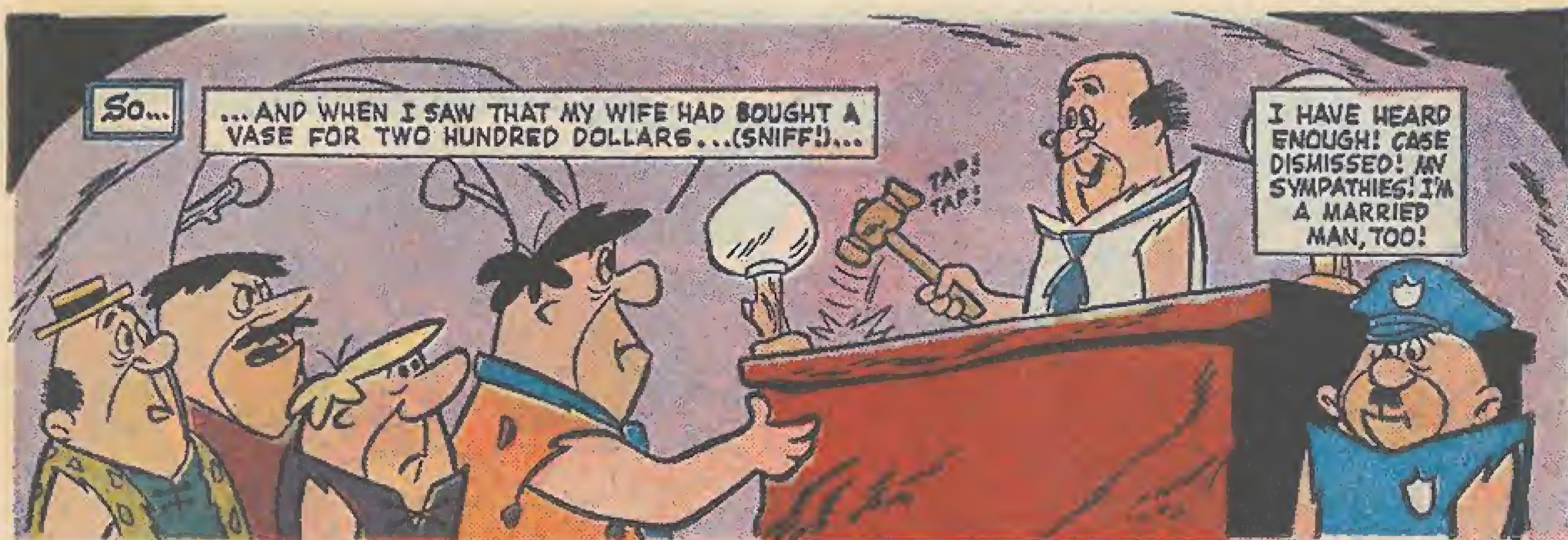












To Beat, or Not To Beat



Rodney Rocktop, Bedrock's biggest beatnik, sat in his seat of honor at the Purple Zen Den coffee house. He was proud of his chair: the only one there with all four legs.

The Purple Zen Den was a dangerous place — not because of the beatniks, but because of the falling plaster, rotting floor and slipping foundation. (The city plans to tear it down and build a slum some day.)

Nevertheless, it was home to Rodney; so as he sat idly peeling off wallpaper with one hand, braiding his beard with the other, and playing the bongoes with his toes, he felt choked with emotion. He felt even more choked when he paid for his thimble full of Café Espresso.

"Man, this place is a real gas," Rodney said with a shiver. "Now like, I wish they'd turn some on. Like, my toes are freezing!"

"Yeah, man," Twitchy Itchy, Rodney's best beat buddy said profoundly. "Yeah, man."

"Why are we complaining? At least we're not out in the ugly world working," Rod added.

"Yeah, man," Twitchy replied, scratching. (As you may have guessed, Twitchy is Rodney's "yeah" man.)

So, here these two poetic souls were, enjoying their lives, doing the job they dedicated themselves to doing . . . absolutely nothing, when Rod was suddenly shaken to the tips of his dirty fingernails as SHE walked in!

Her name was Citronella Klotz. She was a vision of loveliness as she stood there in the flickering light of a fire an angry customer had started at table three. She had everything a man could want . . . big muscles, a nice mus-

tache . . . her hair was done up neatly in a bun, with the hamburger still in it. She had a huge lower lip, but it didn't matter . . . her upper lip covered it.

As Rodney gazed at her standing in her open-toed sneakers, overalls and YMCA sweat shirt, he could contain himself no longer. Leaping from his chair he ran to her side, his bones creaking after weeks of not moving.

"O wondrous beauty, creature of perfection," he declared, grabbing her hand, "will you send my humble soul soaring and be mine?"

Citronella's lips parted, and she said in her sweet and simple way (mostly simple), "What are you? Some kinda nut or something?"

Rodney fell back in ecstasy.

"She spoke to me! Did you hear that, Twitchy? She spoke to me!"

"Yeah, man," Twitchy replied, quickly downing Rodney's cup of Café Espresso while his back was turned. "Yeah, man."

Rodney began tugging his new dream girl back to his table. It wasn't easy. She outweighed him by two hundred pounds.

"Oh, please join me. I'll give you the moon. I'll give you the stars," he beseeched.

"Will you give me a chocklit malt?" she asked, picking her teeth gracefully.

This, Rodney had to think over. Eagerly he pushed her into his chair. A splintering and sickening crash filled the room. There were no chairs left at the Purple Zen Den with all four legs.

Rodney, always a gentleman, quickly sat on the floor next to Citronella.

"In Japan, all people sit this way," he said merrily.

"Maybe that's why they lost the war, you big drip. Say, you made me swallow my bubble gum," Citronella gasped, with a touch of pique in her voice, "and it was only three weeks old!"

Angrily, she started to get up and leave, but Rodney restrained her gently with a full nelson.

"Like, don't go," he pleaded. "We were meant to be together. Something guided you to this place." He lowered his voice for emphasis. "Something bigger than both of us."

"Yeah. A bus," was her sweet reply.*

"No," Rodney protested. "I mean you were seeking something. You were seeking love, or you were seeking truth, or..."

Citronella interrupted, "Look, loose lips, the only thing I was seeking in here was some old stones to sell to the junk yard. This place looked like a condemned building from outside, so I thought I'd come in and root around. I'm sorry I did. What a bunch of creeps. They all look like barber college rejects."

"But, dearest, these are my friends," Rod said.

"Um-hmm, I'll bet you could count your friends on the fingers of a catcher's mitt... and, who said you could call me dearest? You're not my type. You're broke."

Rodney jumped to his feet exclaiming, "You mean you would let mere money stand between us? You mean you won't accept me unless I have a... ugh... job?"

"Right, Charley," Citronella replied, rubbing her hands together. "Money doesn't buy happiness, but it puts you in a wonderful bargaining position. If you can't take it with you, I'm not going."

"Like, it's settled," Rodney declared, as he expanded his chest to its full sixteen inches. "I'm getting a job!"

For the first time in his life, Twitchy Itchy stopped twitching and itching. His face turned pale and he uttered something he had never uttered before or since.

"No, man! No, man!"

But Rodney's mind was made up. (What it was made up of is a matter for psychology books and not for us to explore.) Grabbing

Citronella's hand he made his way through the boogie beats and out the door.

Unaccustomed as he was to sunlight, Rodney managed to open both his eyes and stare into Citronella's. Tears were brimming in her eyes, the blue one and the brown one. Rod had had onions for lunch.

Then he made the vow.

"I will find employment in this hostile world and then seek you out to be mine," he declared fervently.

"Seek, shmeeek. If you find a job and can afford to buy me chocklit malts and garlic toast and stuff like that, I'll be glad to go out with you. I'm staying at the Bedrock Kennel Club. See ya'." And with that, she tripped off lightly. (As lightly as possible for a three hundred pounder, that is.)

The next days were not easy ones for our hero, Rodney. He went from pillar to post to look for jobs, but there just weren't any jobs around pillars and posts; so he finally tried some stores and offices.

He didn't want just any job. He wanted a job that would fit in with his character.

He tried working at a bakery cutting out brownie squares. But that was too square, so he cut out permanently.

He tried dragging sacks of cement for the Bedrock Building Company. But that was too much of a drag.

He tried working down in a coal mine, but that wasn't "far out" enough for our Rodney.

"What am I going to do, Twitchy?" Rodney asked, as they sat in the park. (Since he started looking for a job he was no longer permitted in the Purple Zen Den. Bad for the morale of the other beats.) "I can't live without Citronella. I must find a job that suits my particular genius. I must find a cool job. Like, being cool is even more important than Citronella. What do you suggest, man?"

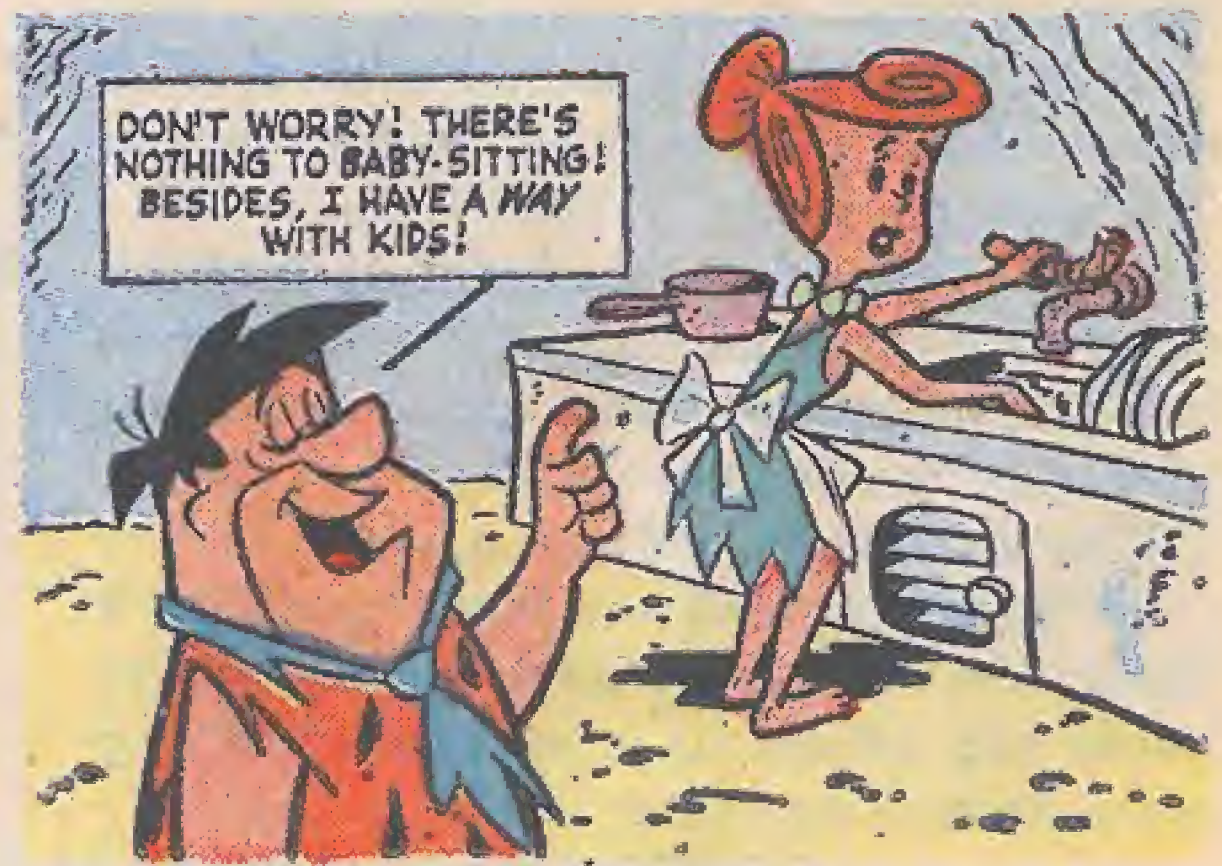
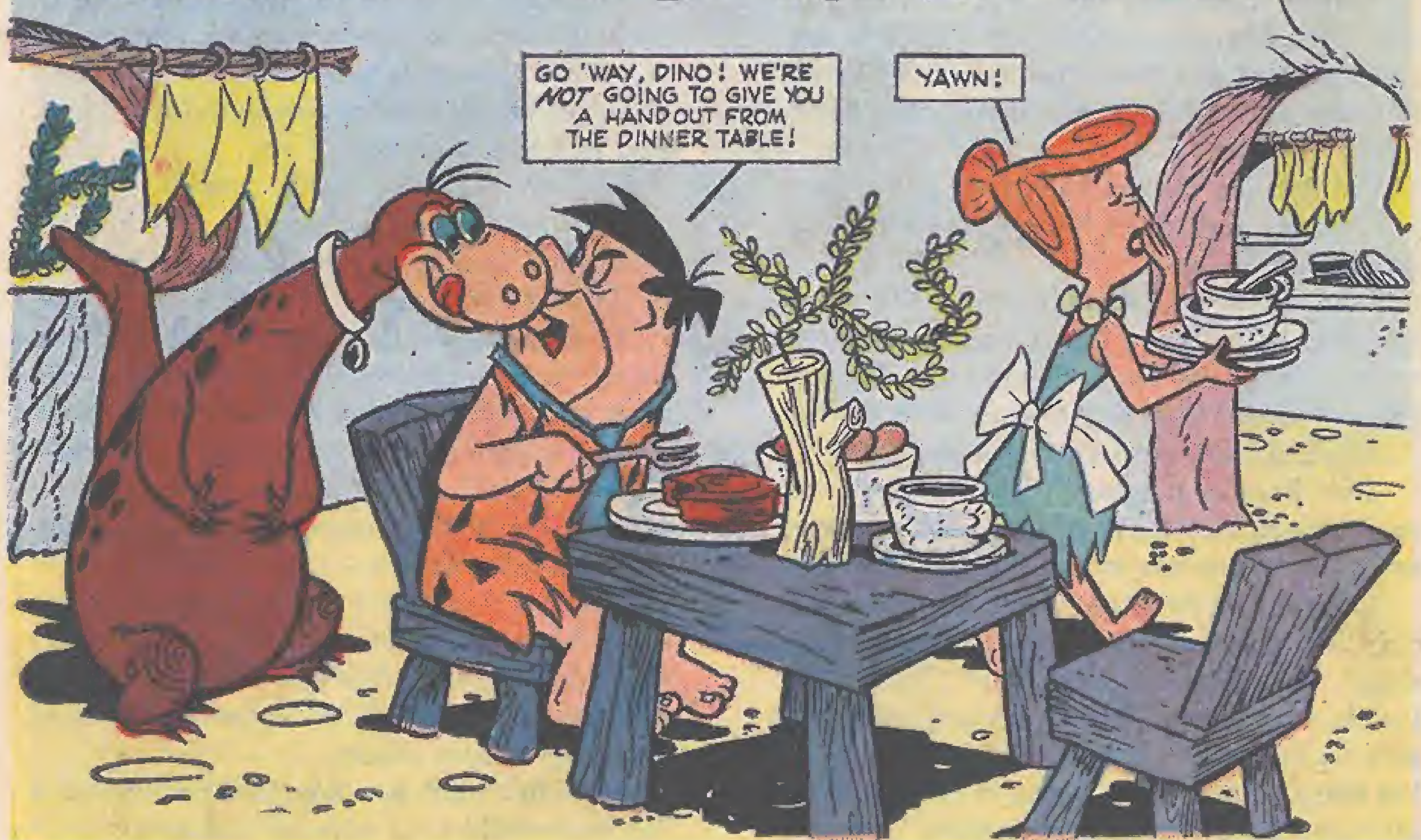
"Yeah, man," said Twitchy. "Yeah, man."

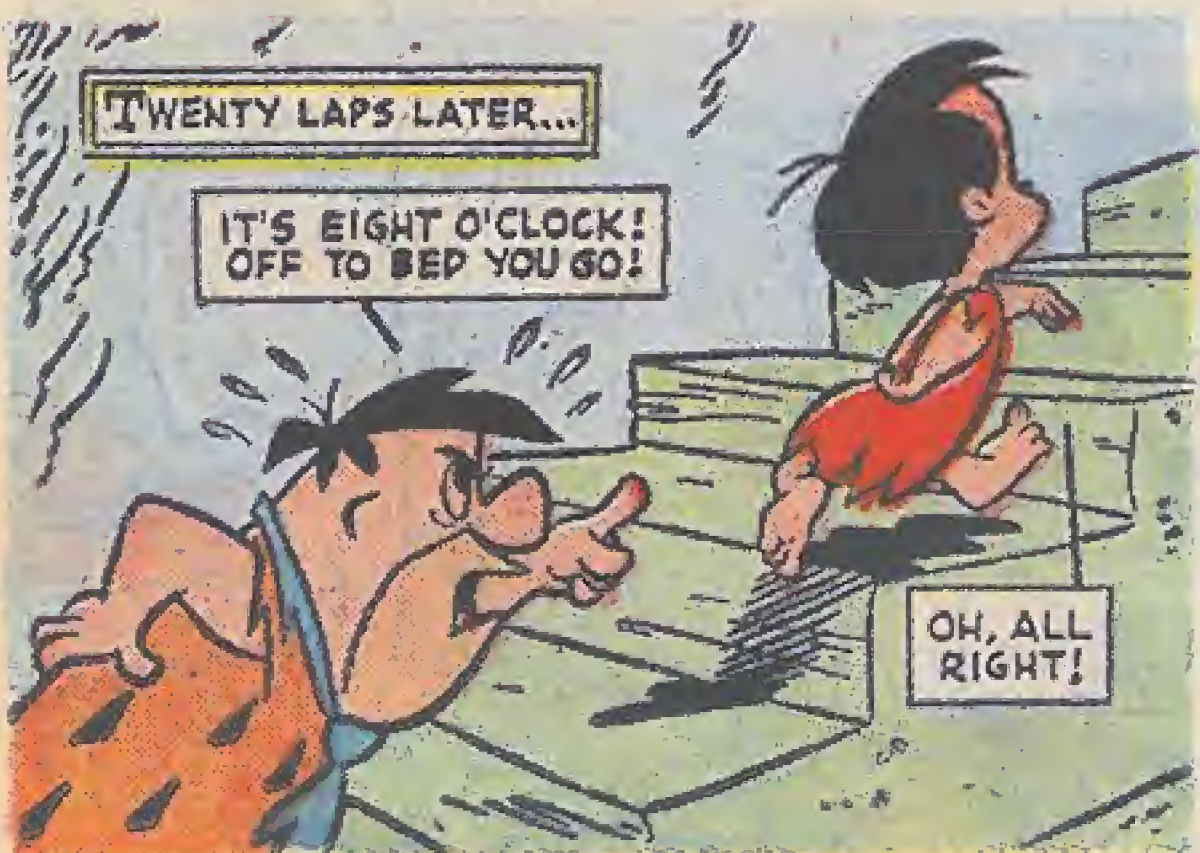
Rodney leaped to his feet. "That's it! I know where I'll get a job!"

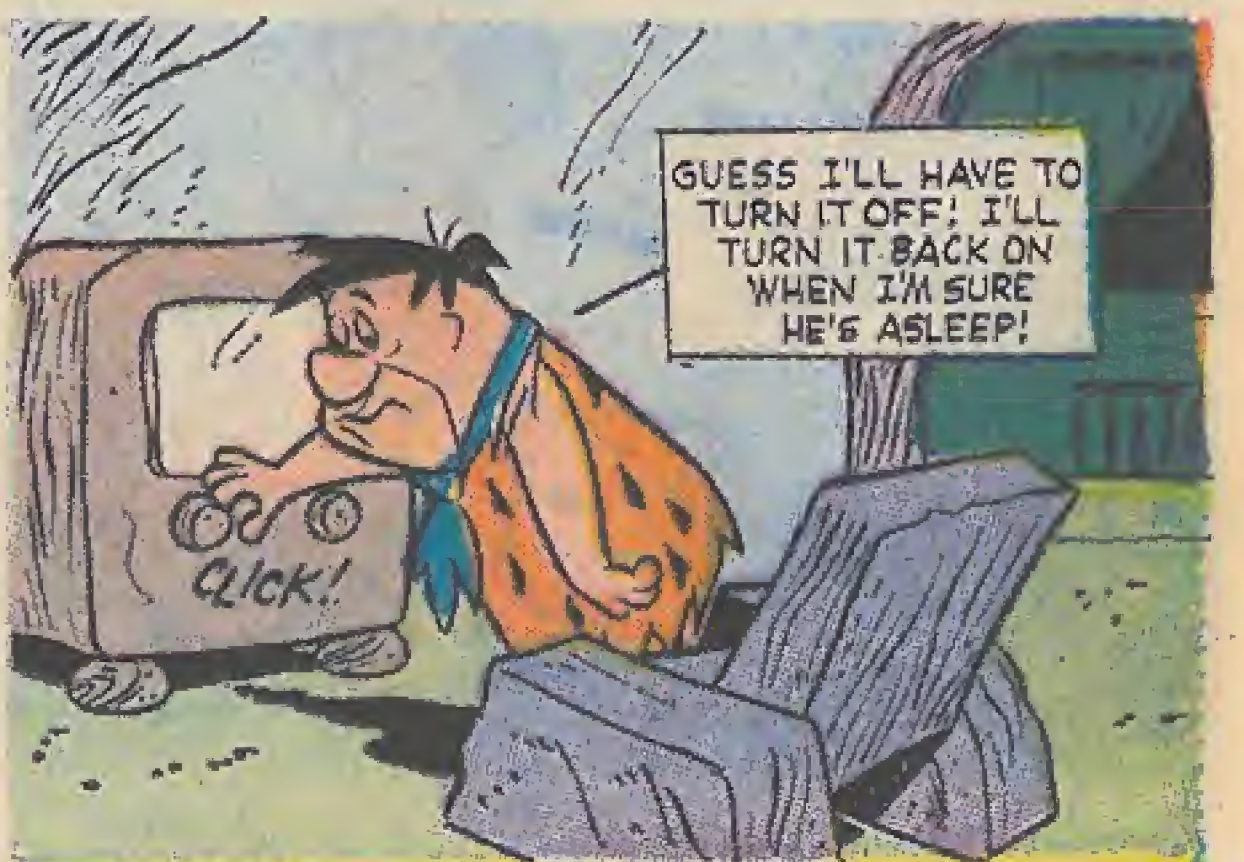
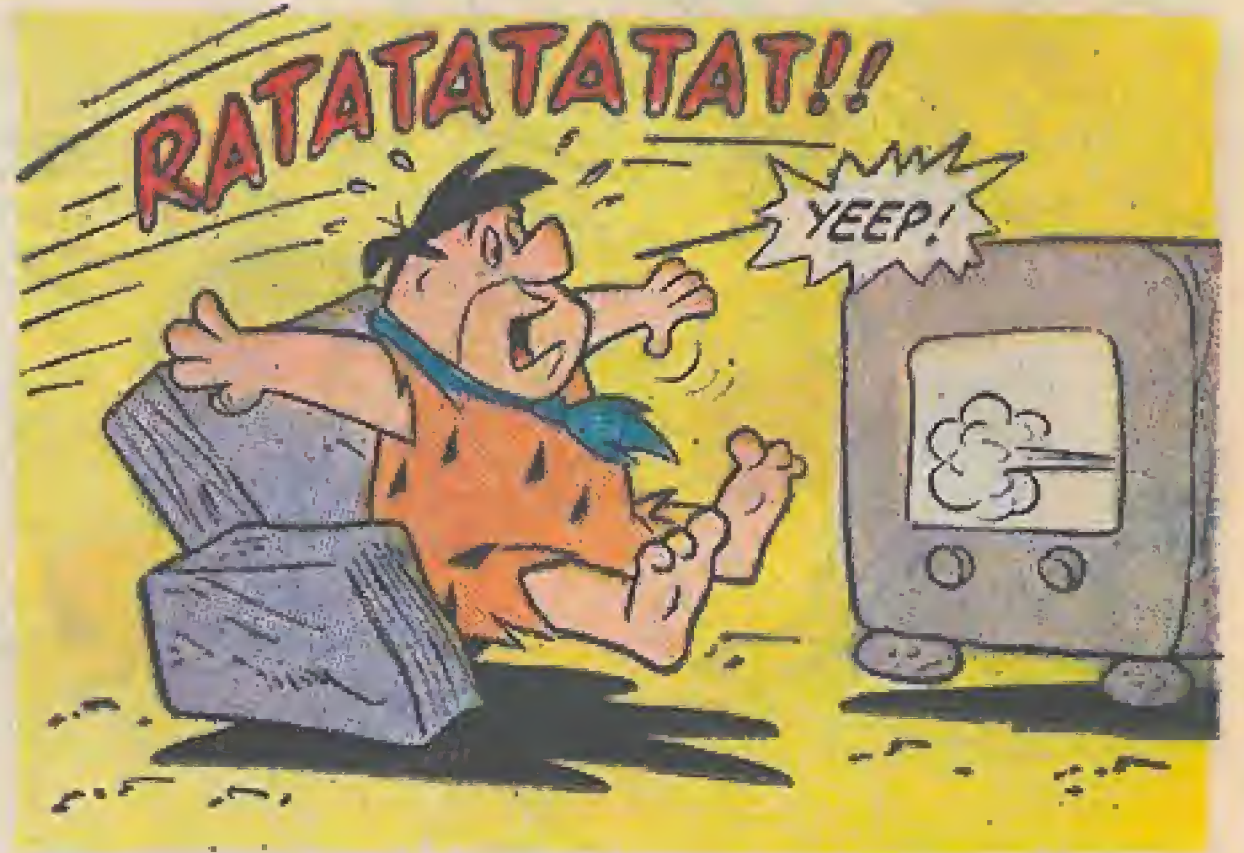
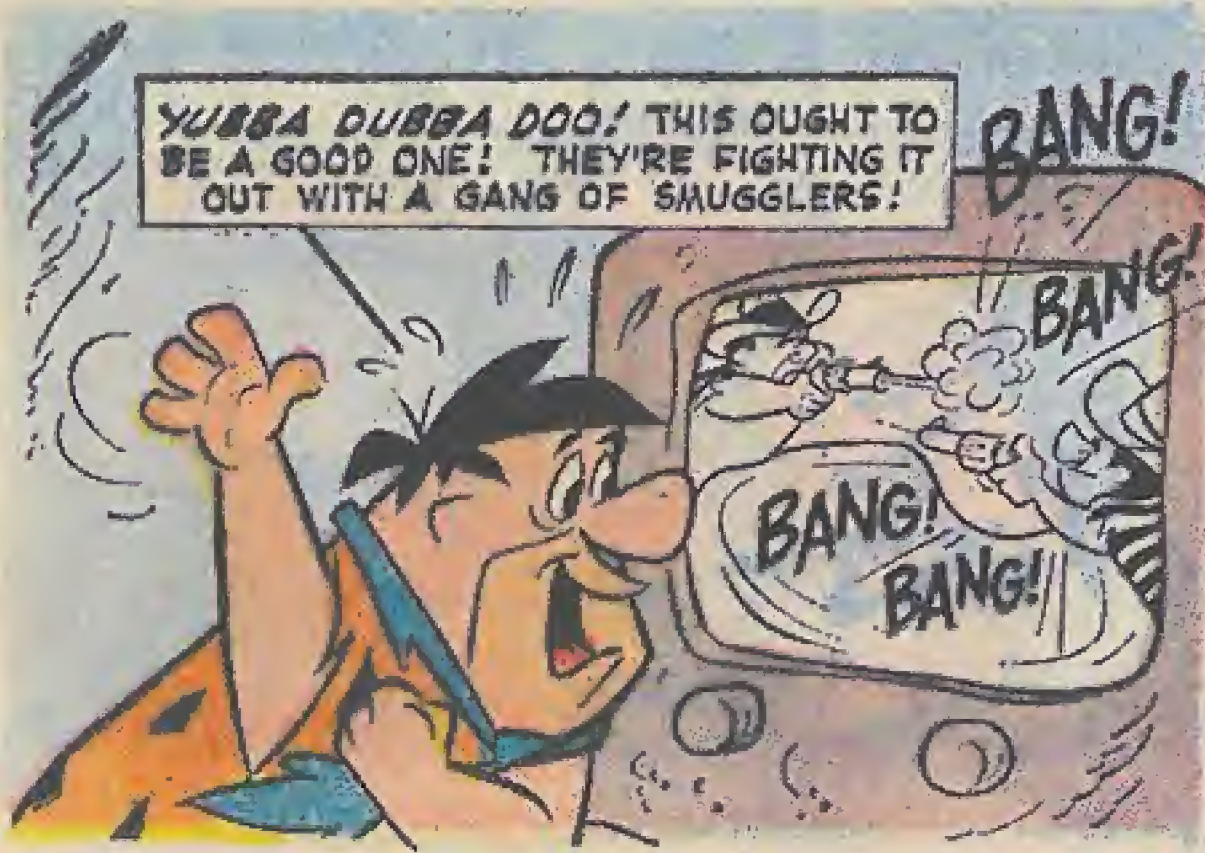
And so, our story has a happy ending. Rod found a cool job and Citronella truly loves him... on payday.

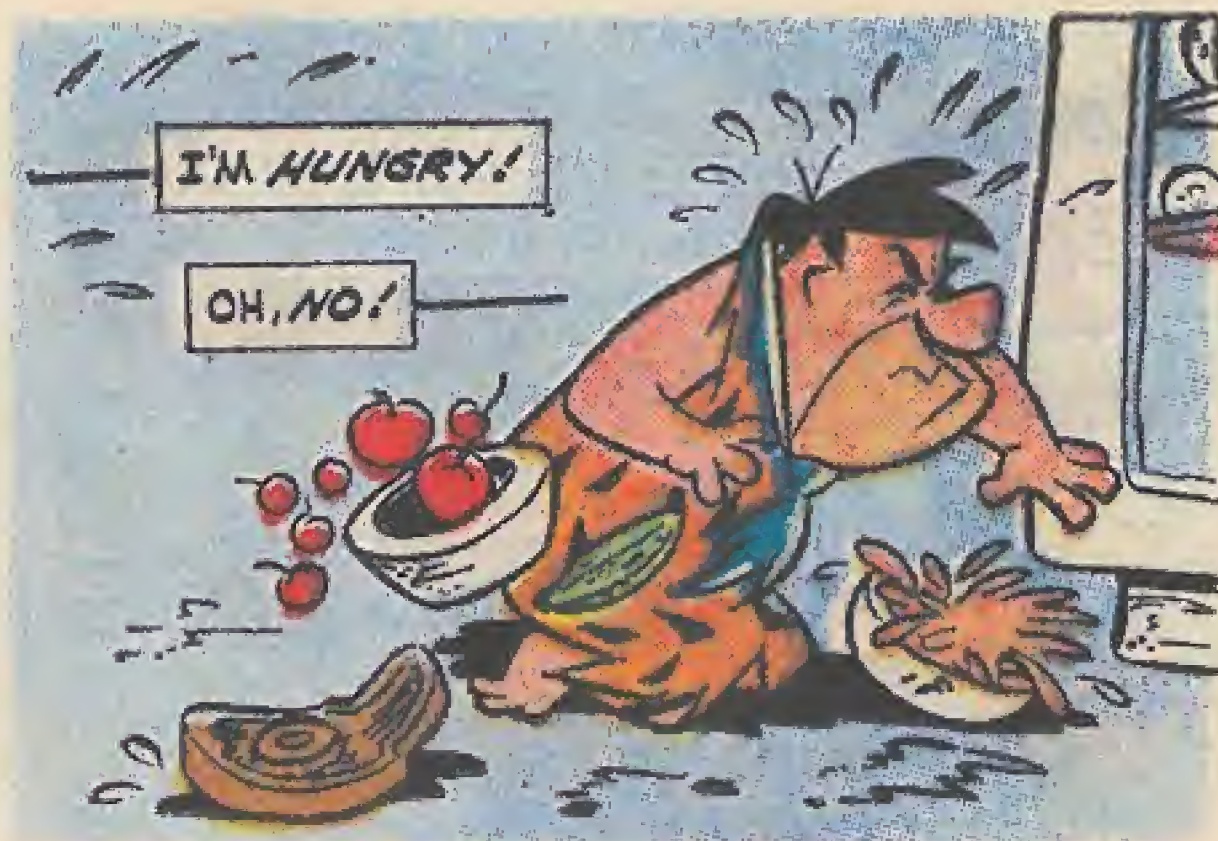
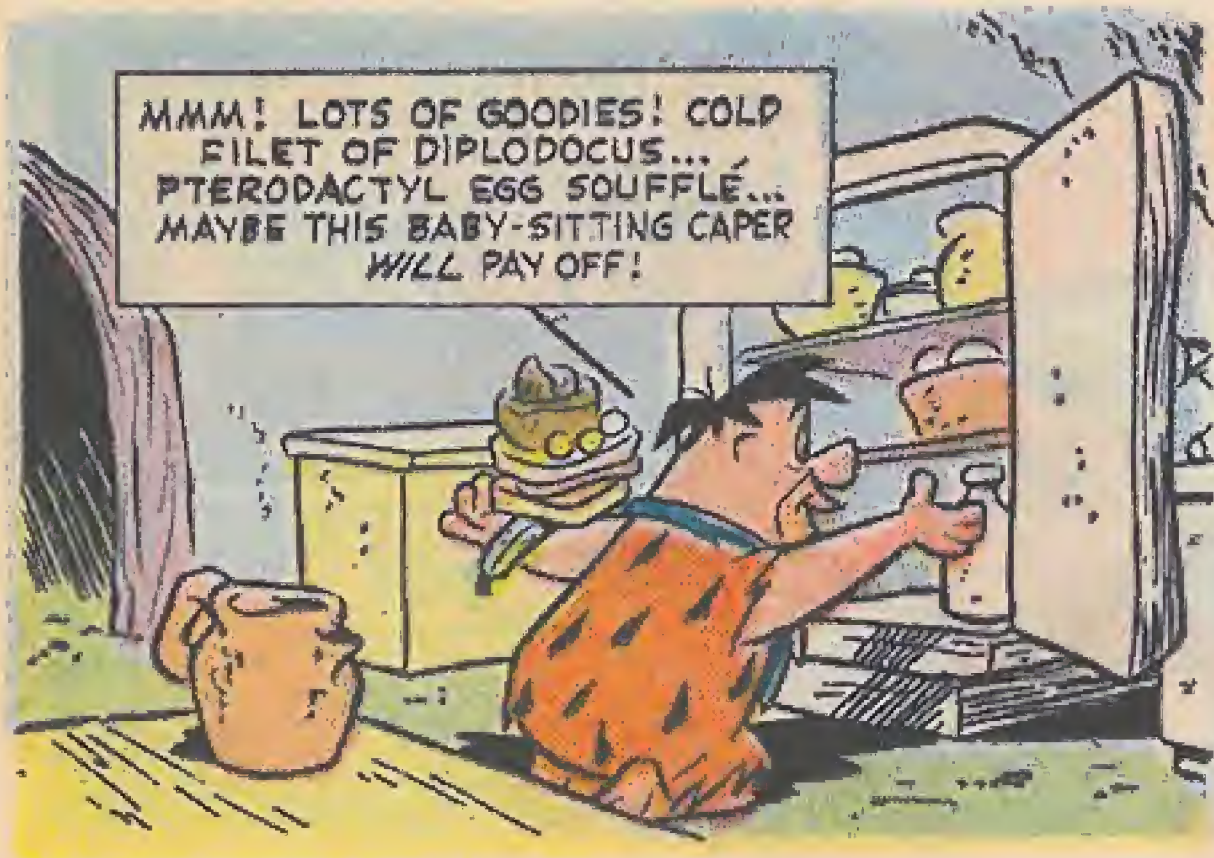
Where did Rodney Rocktop go to work? At the Bedrock Ice Plant... where it was "Cool, man. Real cool."

* (EDITOR'S NOTE: Actually no bus is bigger than Citronella Klotz)

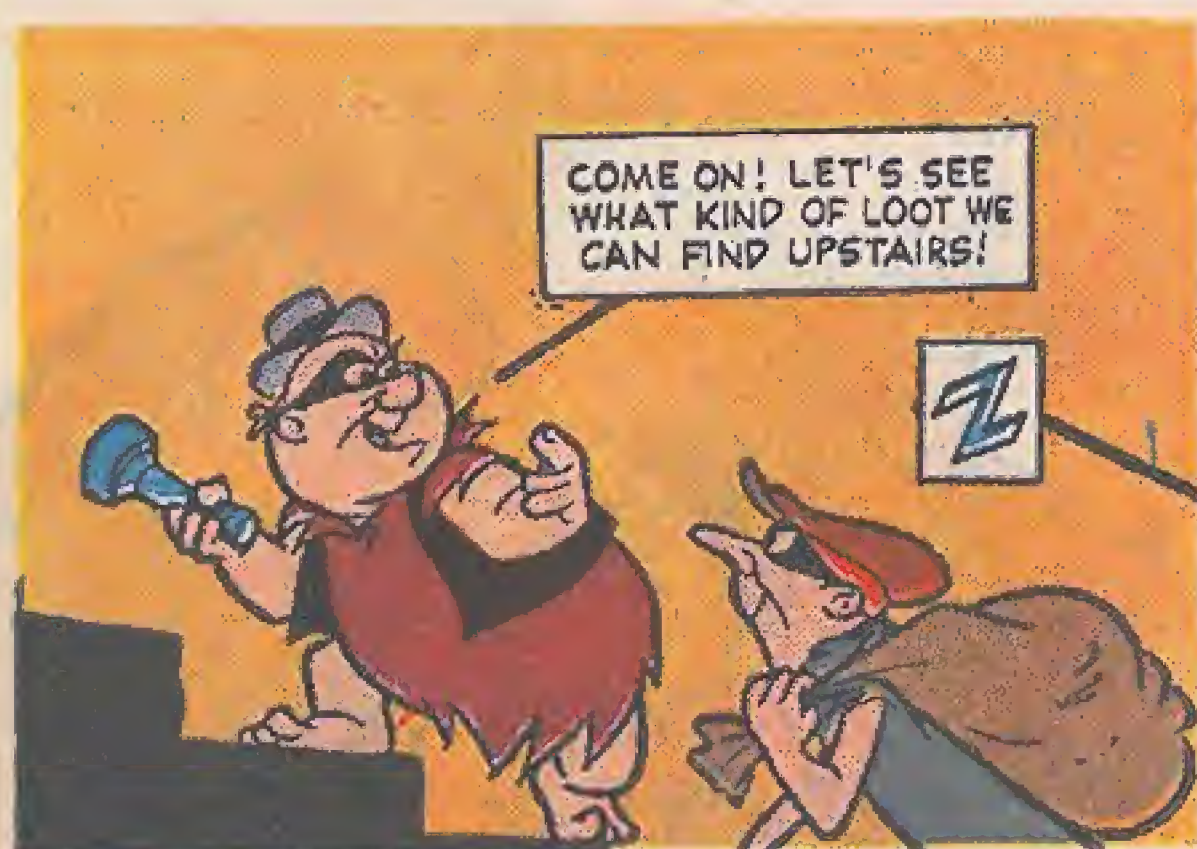
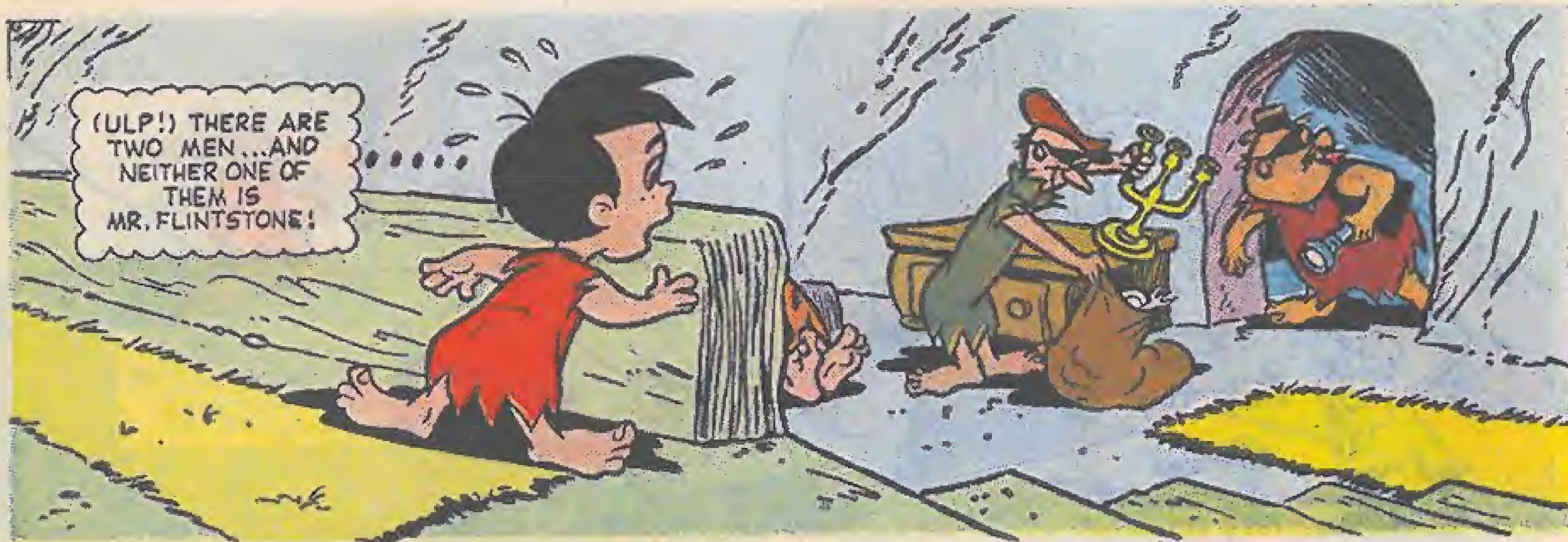


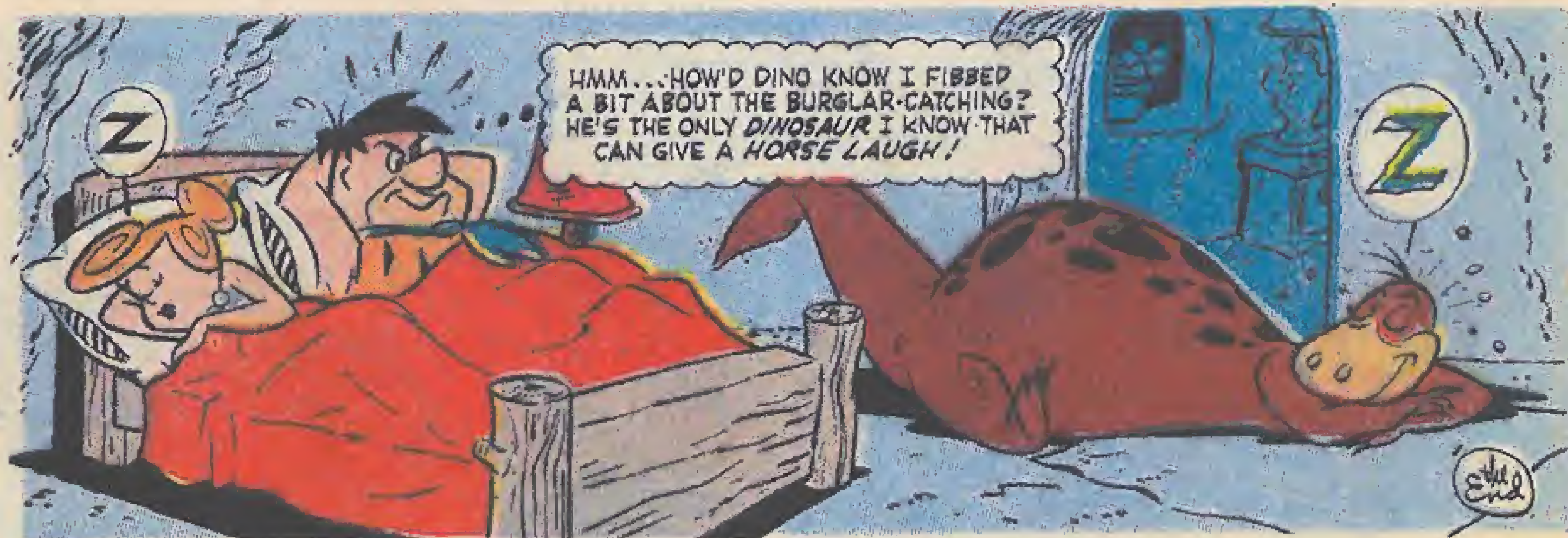




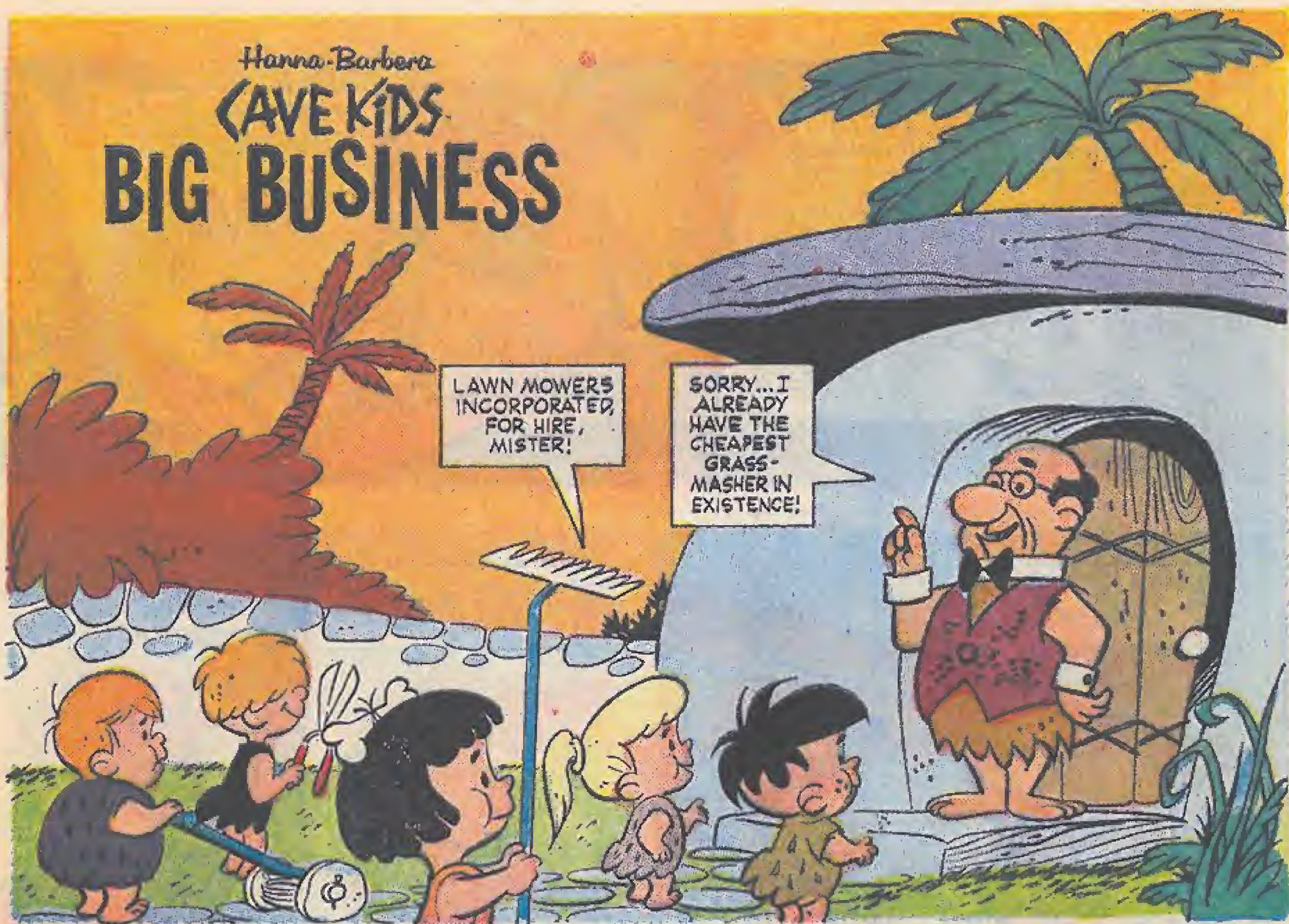


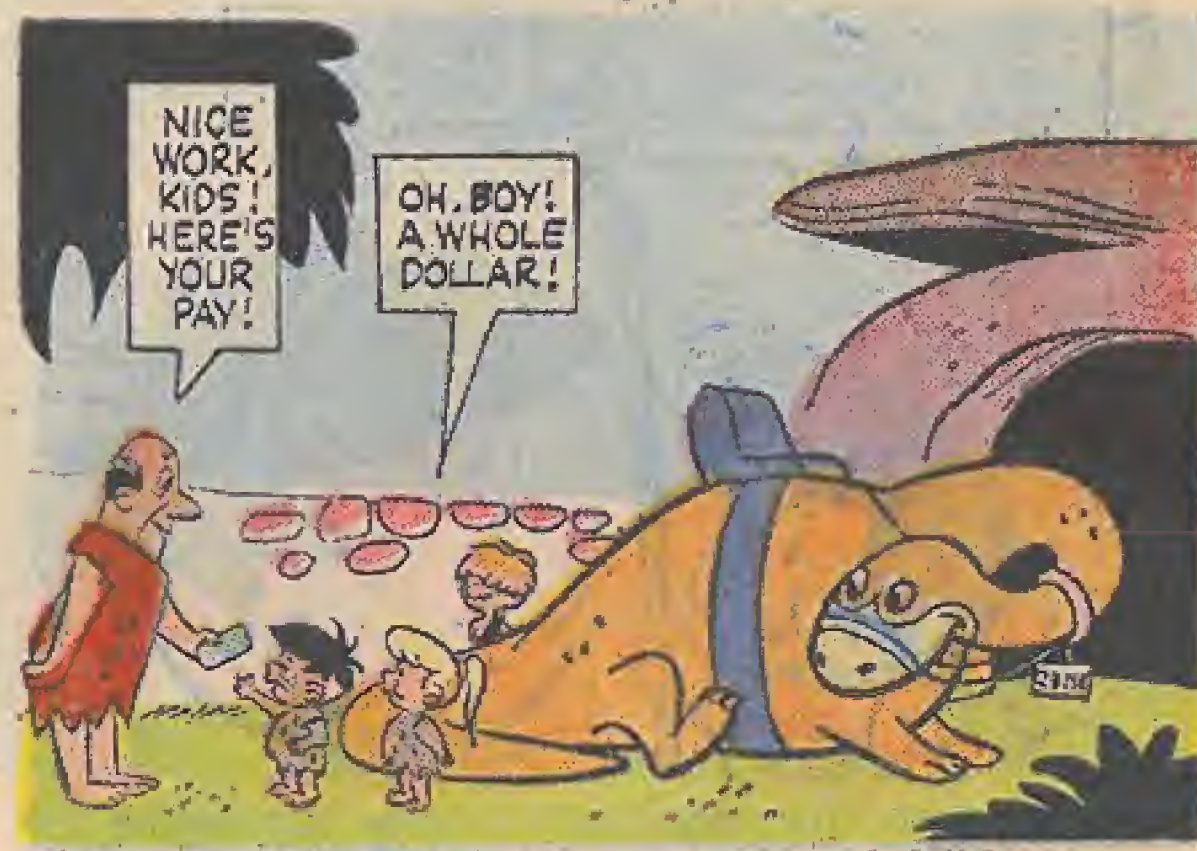
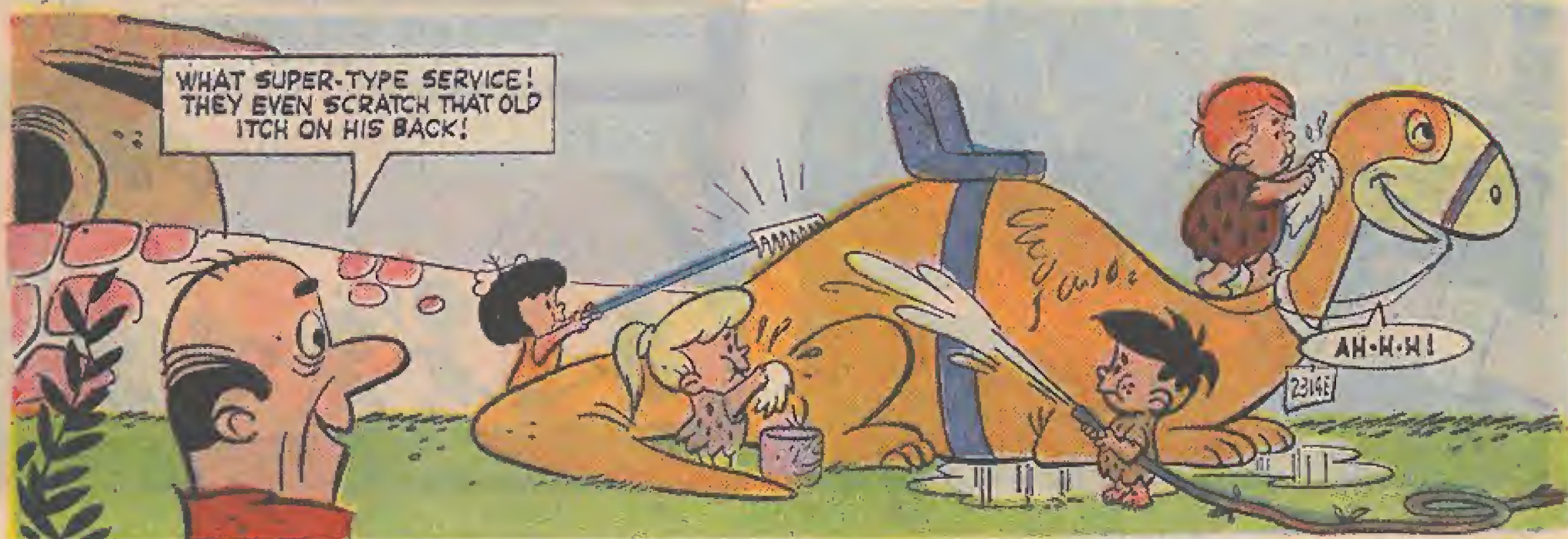
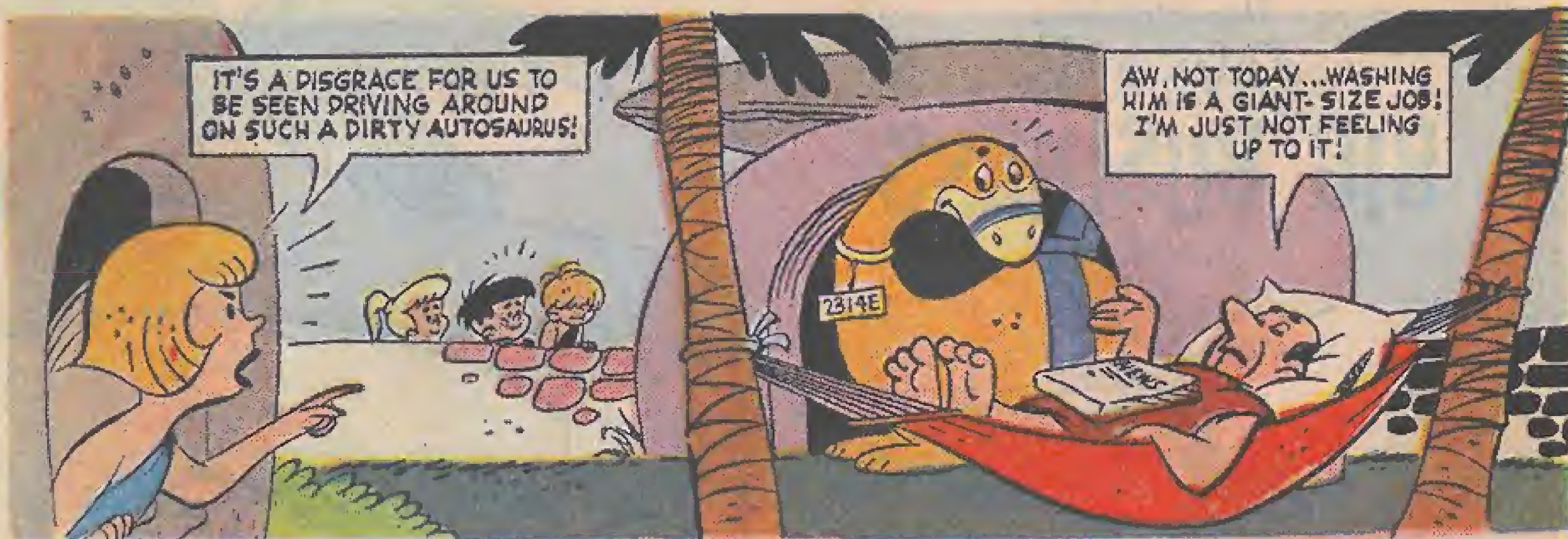


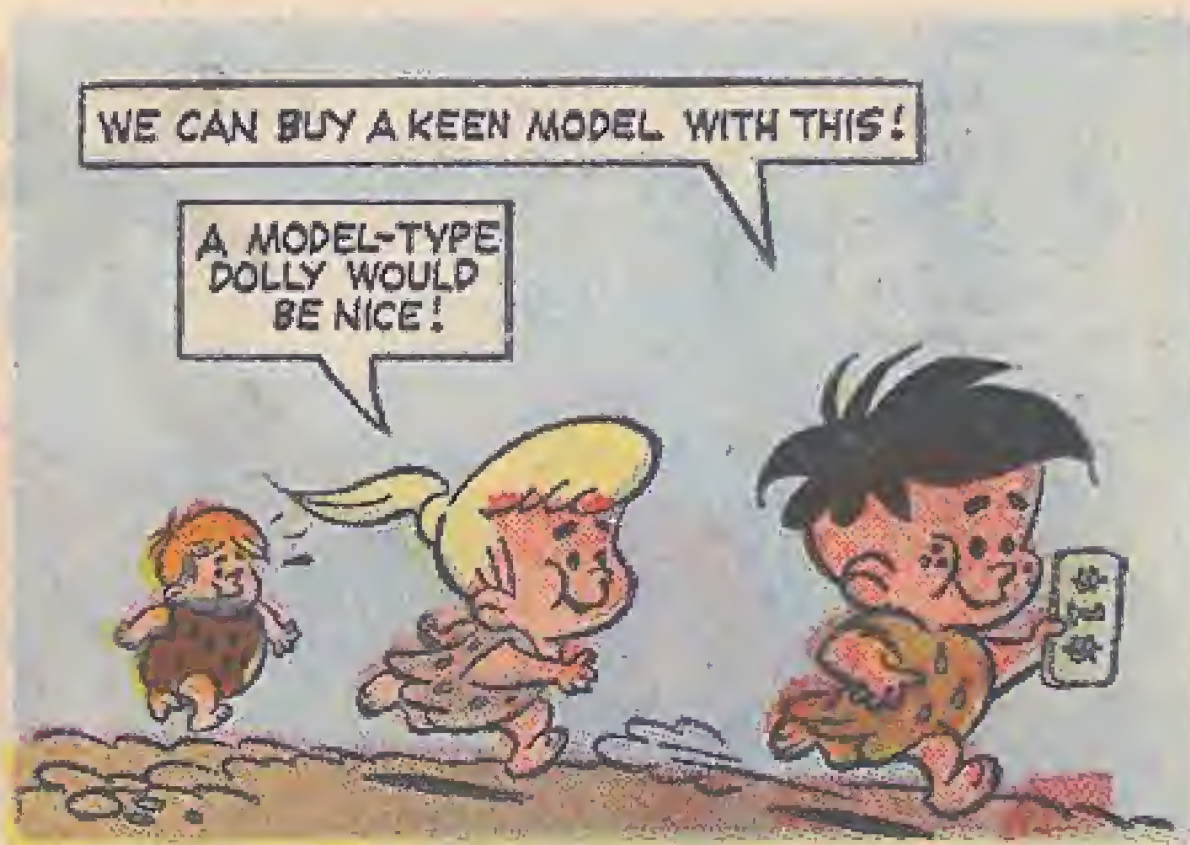


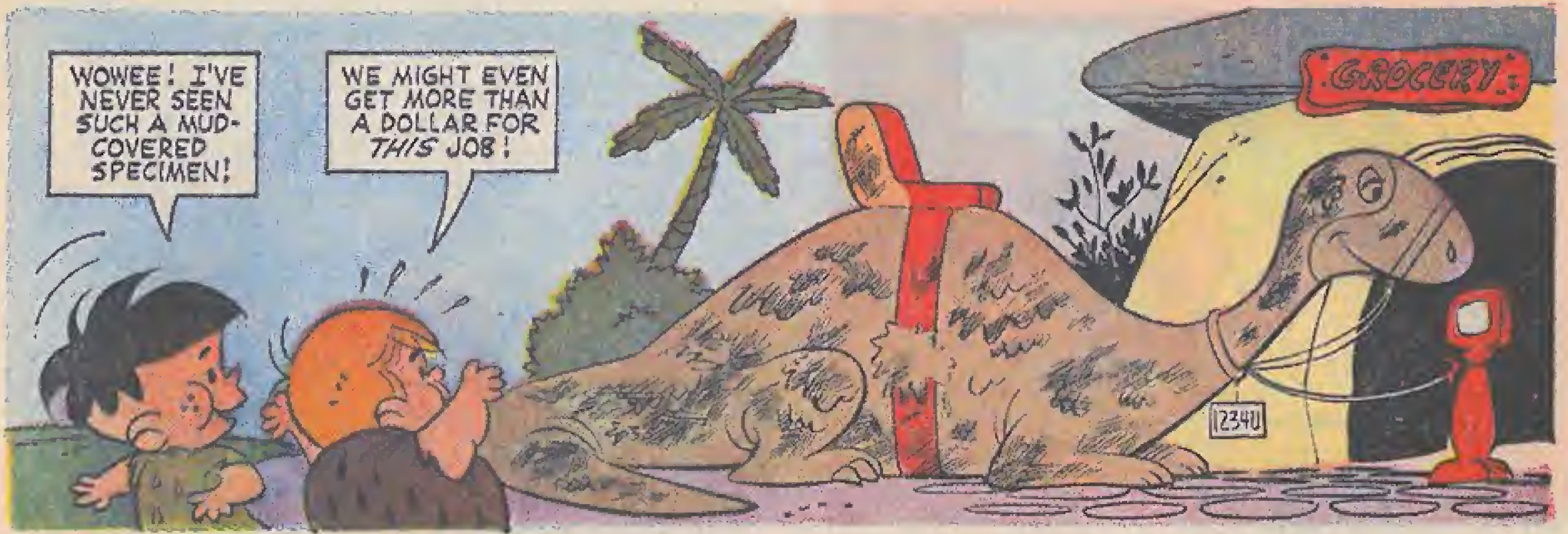


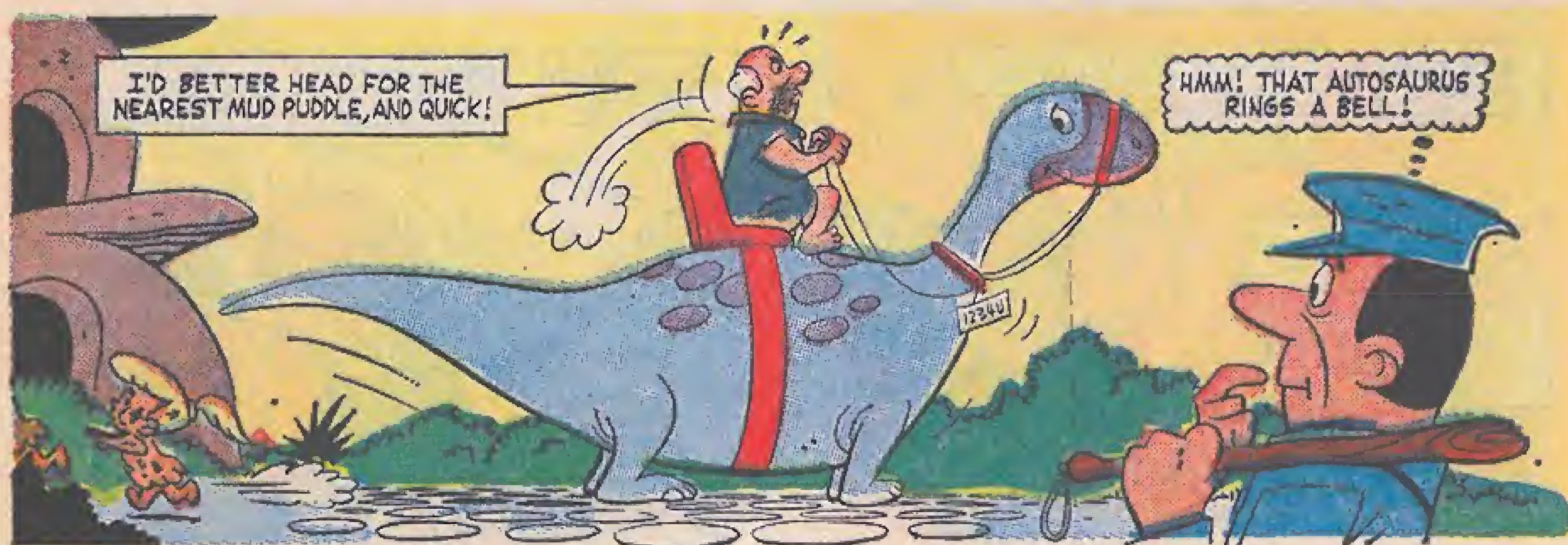
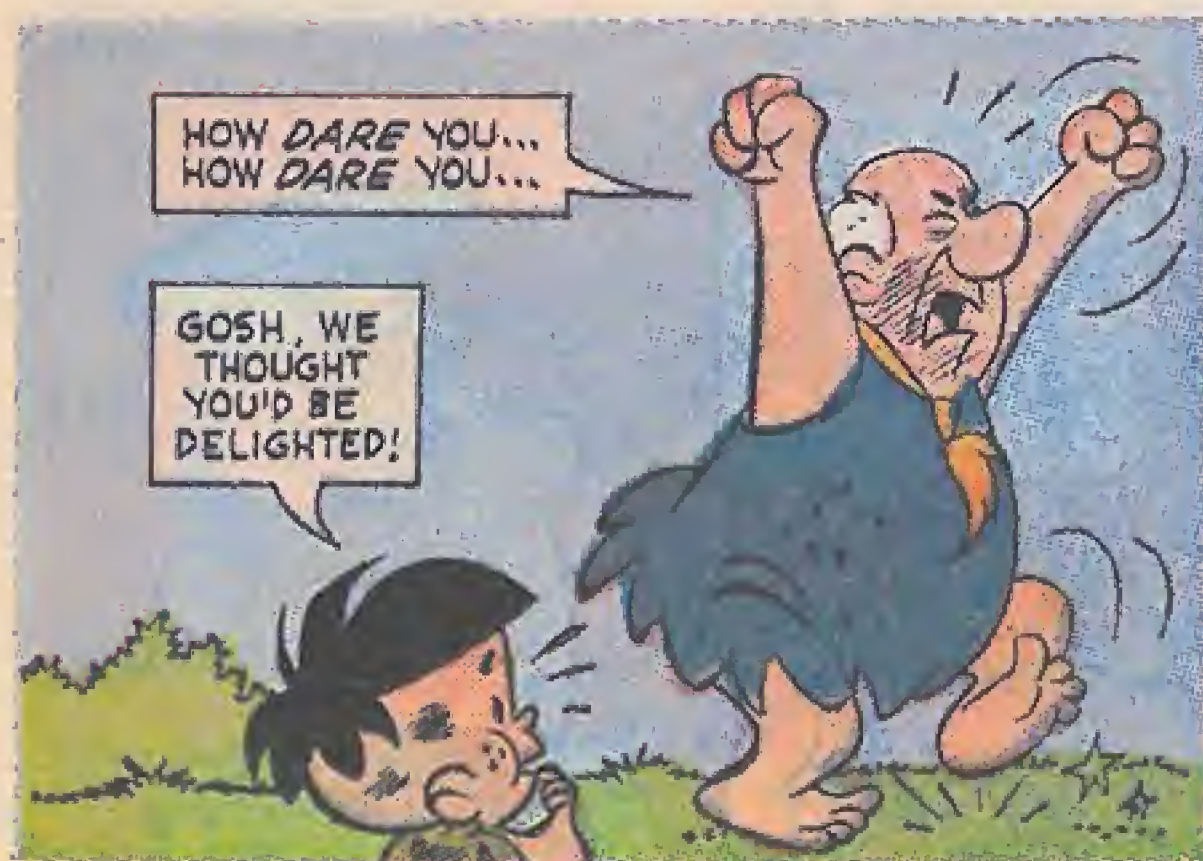
Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
BIG BUSINESS

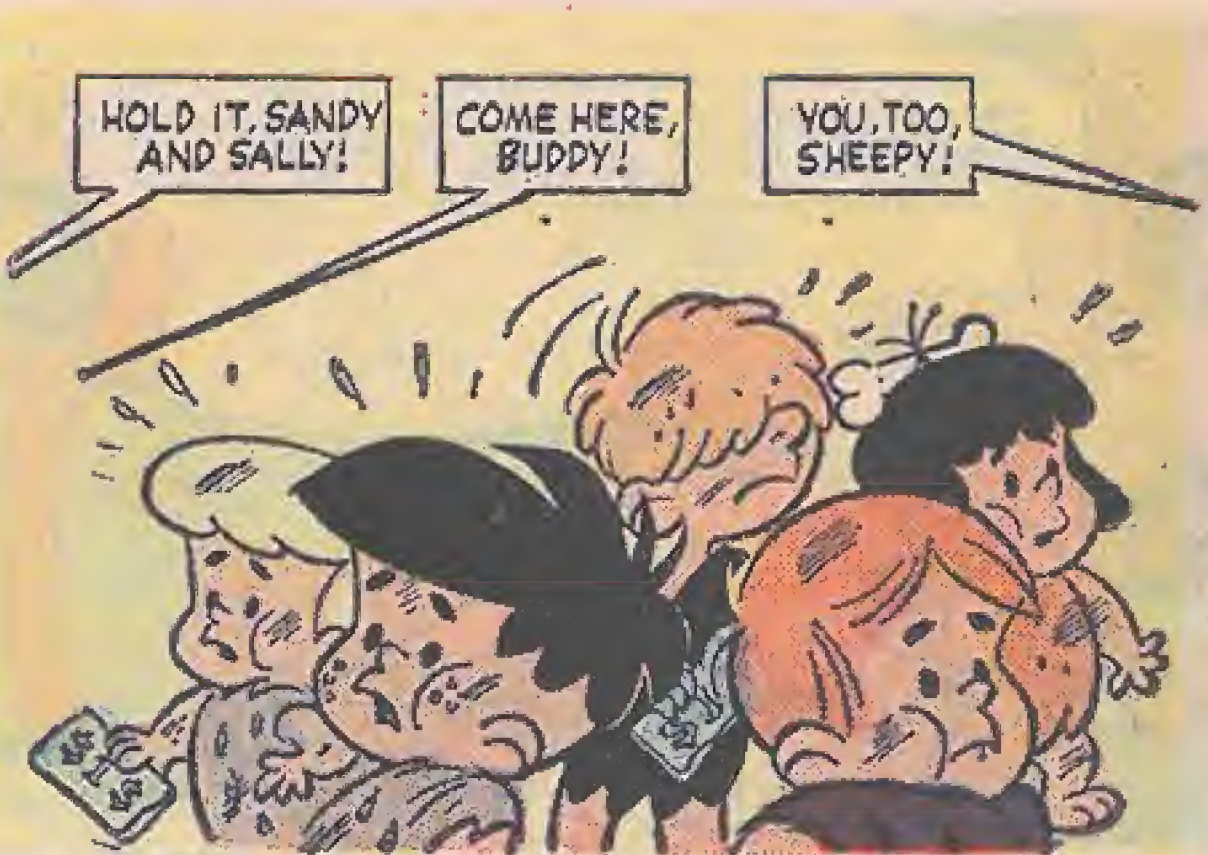


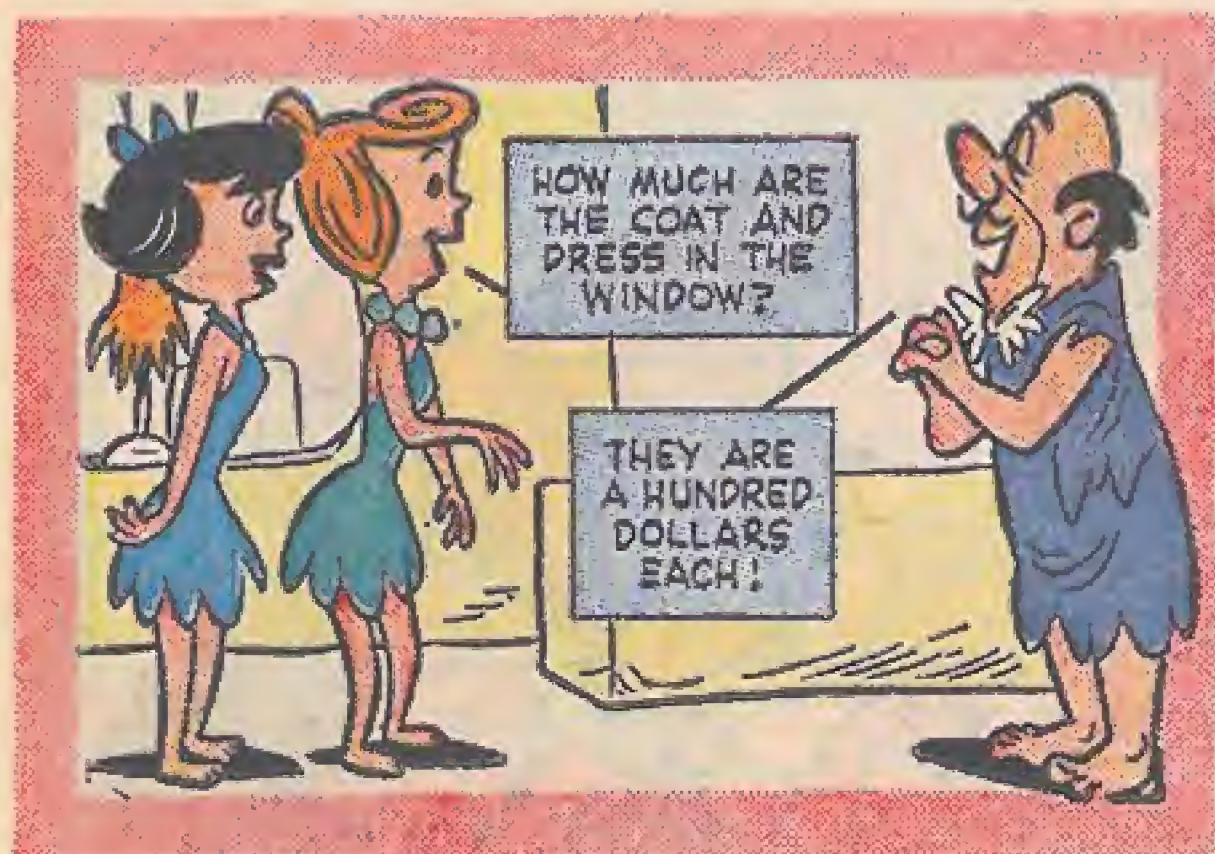
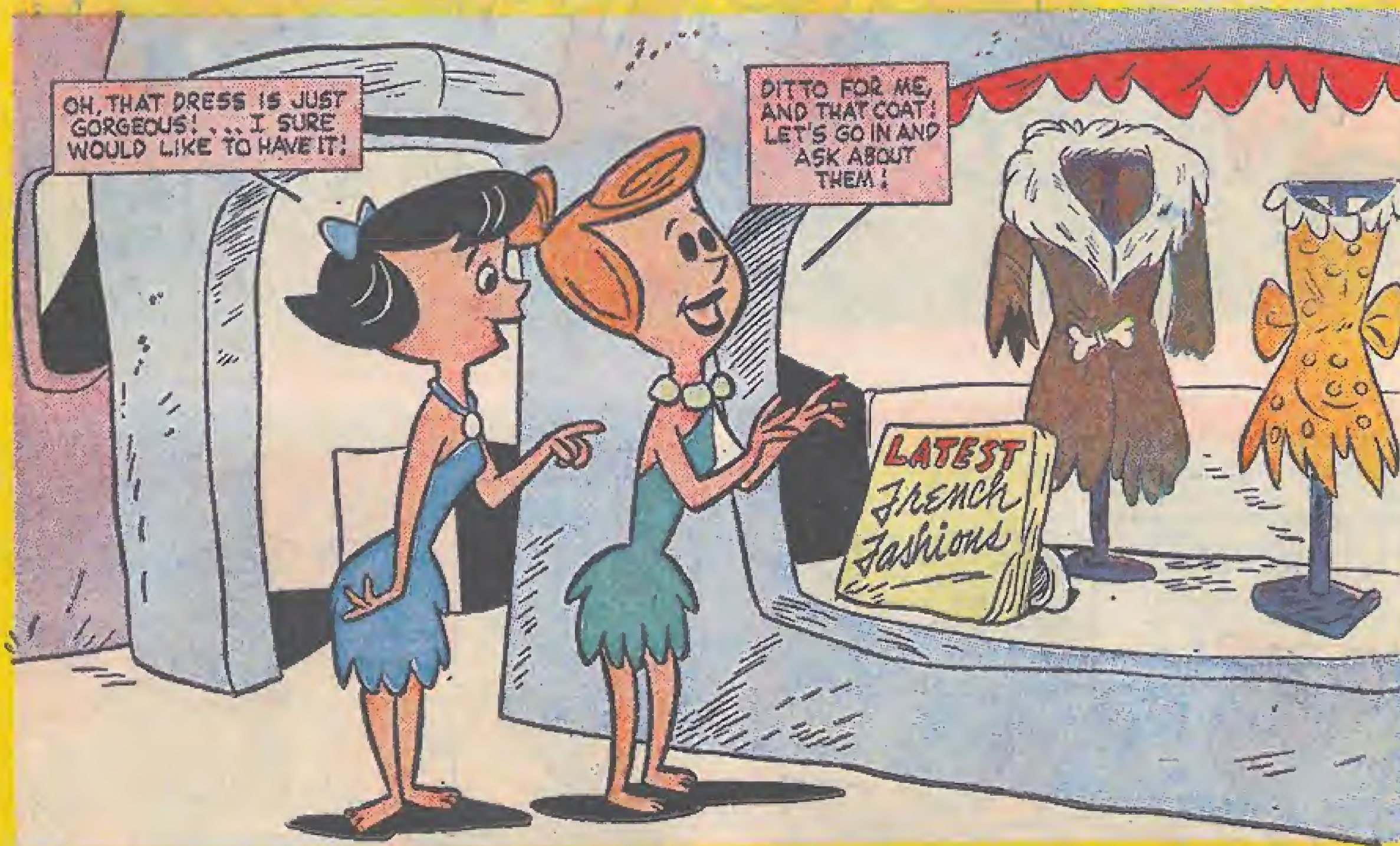














NEXT MORNING...

DID YOU HEAR THE SONIC BOOM AT OUR HOUSE LAST NIGHT?

NOT OVER THE EARTHQUAKE AT OUR HOUSE! WHEN THE BOYS SAY "NO," THEY SAY "NO!"



I'M DETERMINED TO GET THAT DRESS! I'D TAKE A PART-TIME JOB TO GET IT!

SO WOULD I... TO GET THE COAT!



BUT THE BOYS WOULD NEVER ALLOW IT! YOU KNOW HOW THEY'RE ALWAYS SAYING ... "NO WIFE OF MINE WILL EVER WORK!"

WE COULD GET JOBS WITHOUT THEIR EVER KNOWING IT!



HOW? THEY COME HOME FOR LUNCH EVERY DAY!

THEY ALWAYS GO TO THEIR LODGE MEETING EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT! MAYBE WE COULD GET SOME PART-TIME EVENING WORK!



JUST FOR LONG ENOUGH TO EARN THE DOWN PAYMENTS!

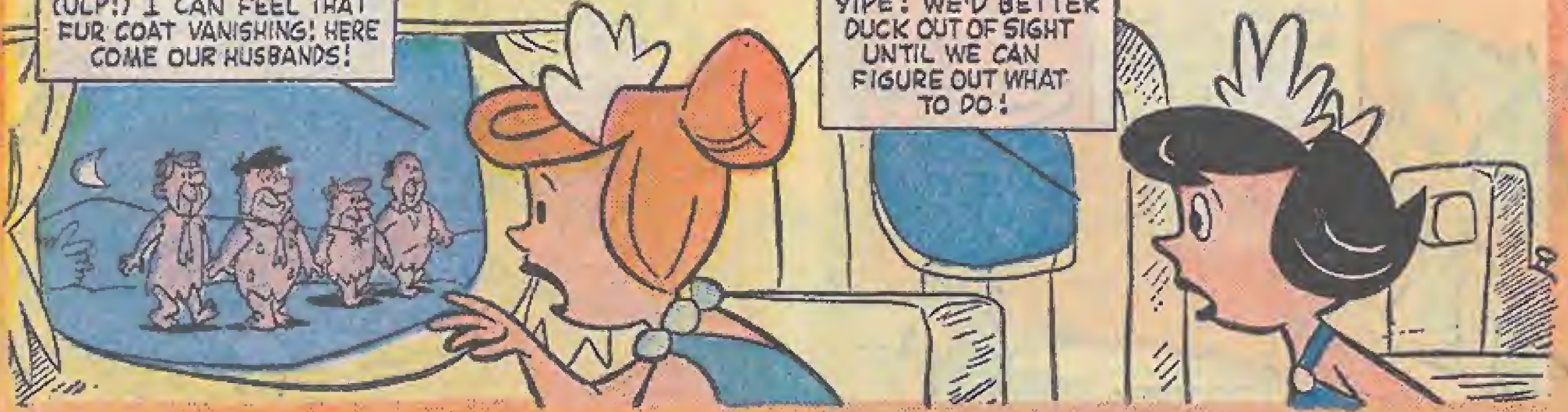
SURE!... THEN WE'LL TELL THEM! I'LL BET THEY'LL GIVE US THE REST OF THE MONEY, THEN... TO GET US TO STOP WORKING!





(ULP!) I CAN FEEL THAT
FUR COAT VANISHING! HERE
COME OUR HUSBANDS!

YIPE! WE'D BETTER
DUCK OUT OF SIGHT
UNTIL WE CAN
FIGURE OUT WHAT
TO DO!



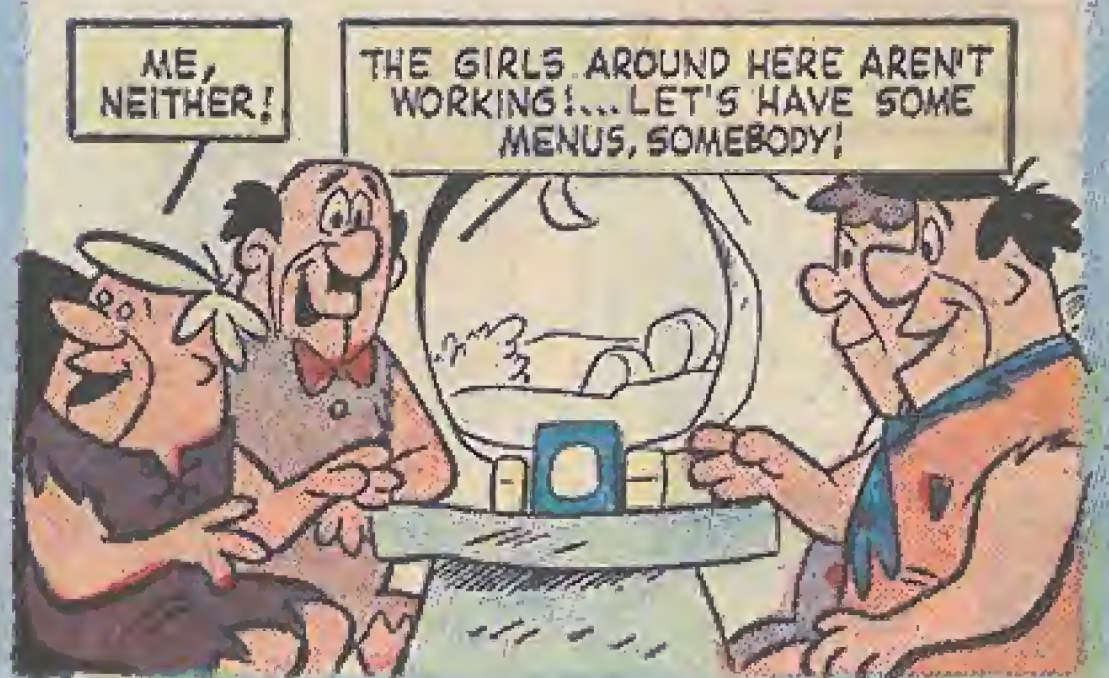
I DON'T
SEE ANY
WAITRESSES
AROUND!

I ALWAYS FEEL
KIND OF SORRY
FOR THOSE GIRLS!
I'D NEVER LET
MY WIFE WORK!



ME,
NEITHER!

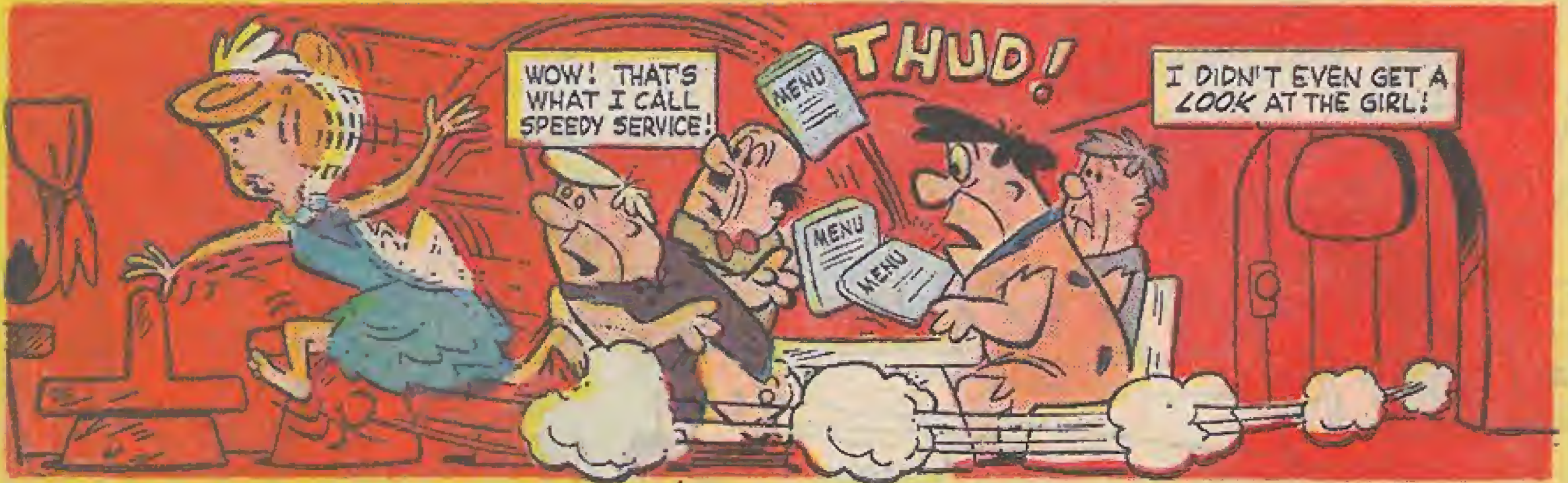
THE GIRLS AROUND HERE AREN'T
WORKING!... LET'S HAVE SOME
MENUS, SOMEBODY!



WOW! THAT'S
WHAT I CALL
SPEEDY SERVICE!

THUD!

I DIDN'T EVEN GET A
LOOK AT THE GIRL!



WHEW! WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WE HAVE TO
TAKE THEIR ORDERS! BUT HOW CAN WE ...

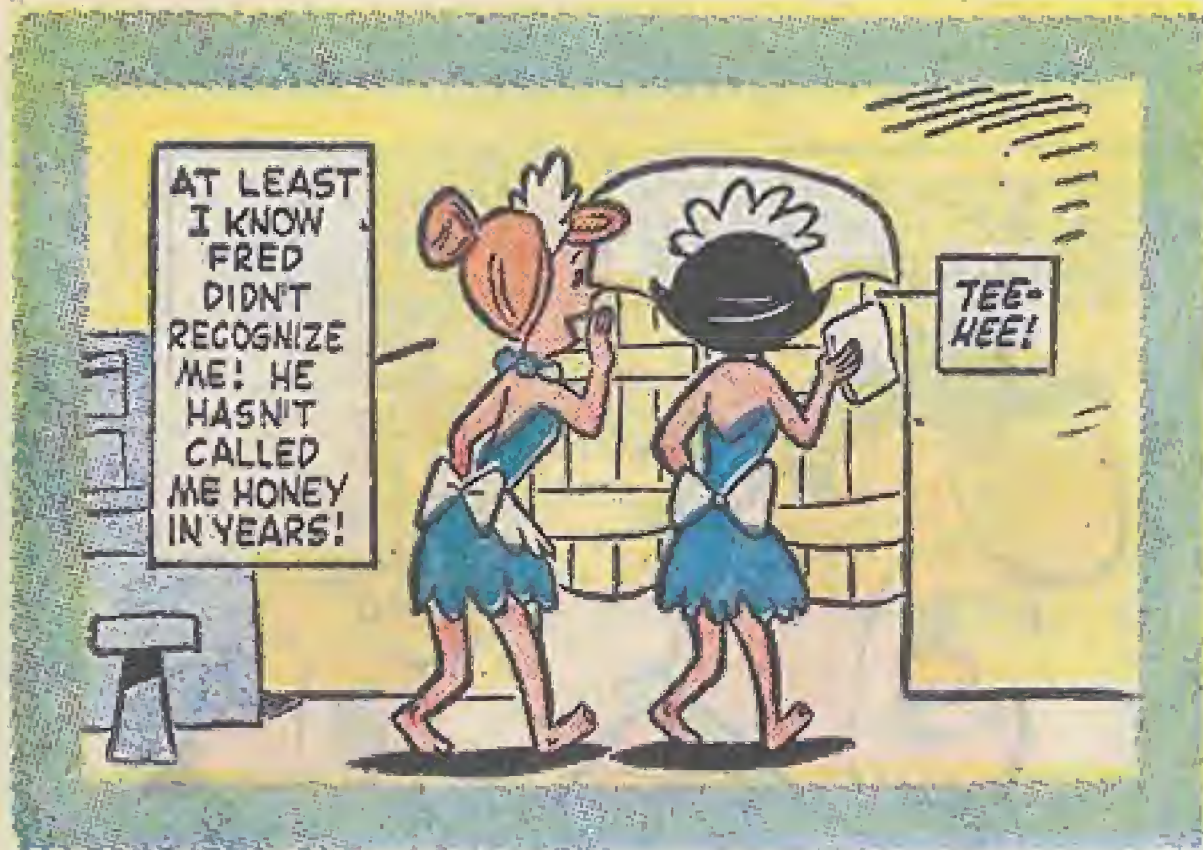
JUST KEEP
OUR FACES
COVERED!



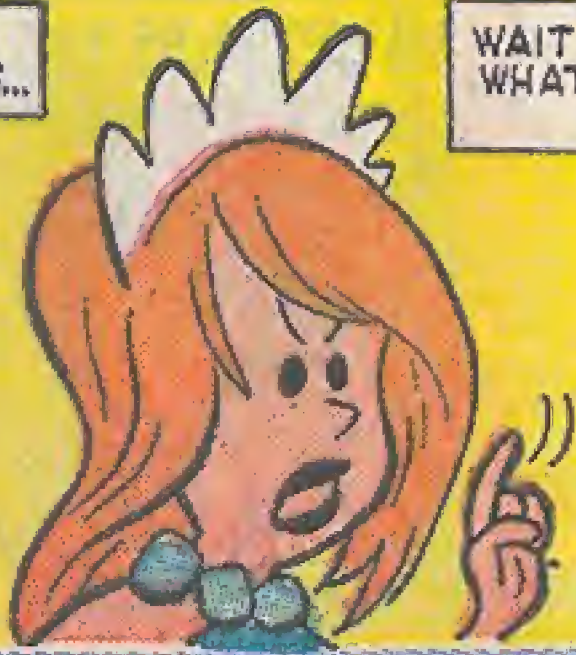
YES, GENTLEMEN! WHAT'LL IT BE?

FOUR
APPLE
PIES AND
COFFEE,
HONEY!





I'M FURIOUS! MY PIE IS BETTER THAN ANY OLD RES...



WAIT A MINUTE! YOU'RE FURIOUS! WHAT ABOUT US? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WORKING?



YOU'LL GET A GOOD TALKING TO WHEN YOU GET HOME, BETTY!



HA-HA! THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T LET YOUR WIFE WORK, FRED!



LATER...

WELL?

WE CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!



SO THEY EXPLAIN...

WE BOTH MADE ENOUGH FOR THE DOWN PAYMENTS ON THE COAT AND DRESS ...NINETEEN DOLLARS! I'LL QUIT TOMORROW!

ME, TOO! I PROMISE!



NINETEEN DOLLARS!

WOW! I'M CALLING DAN'S DINER! MAYBE THEY CAN USE YOU FULL TIME!



So...

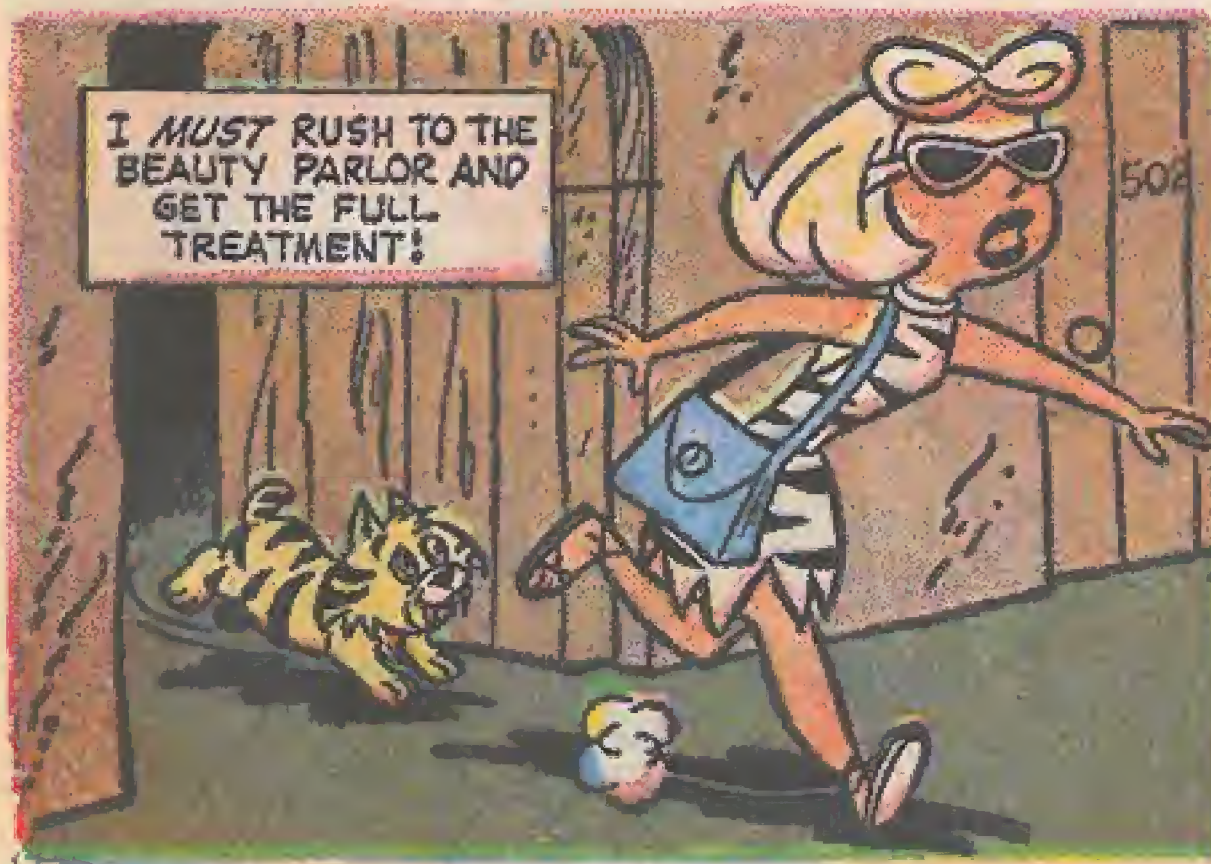
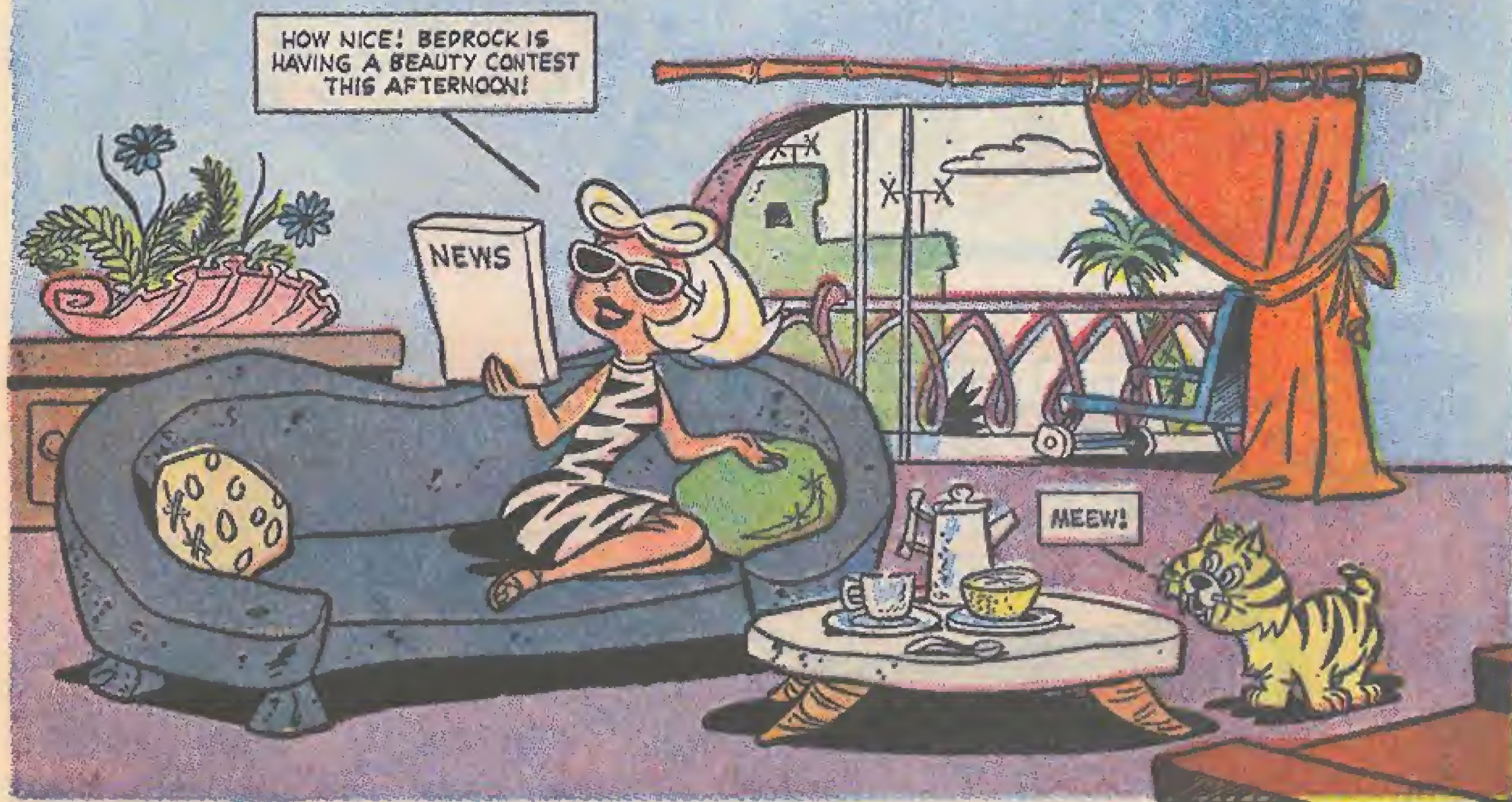
WELL, WE GOT OUR COAT AND DRESS, WILMA!

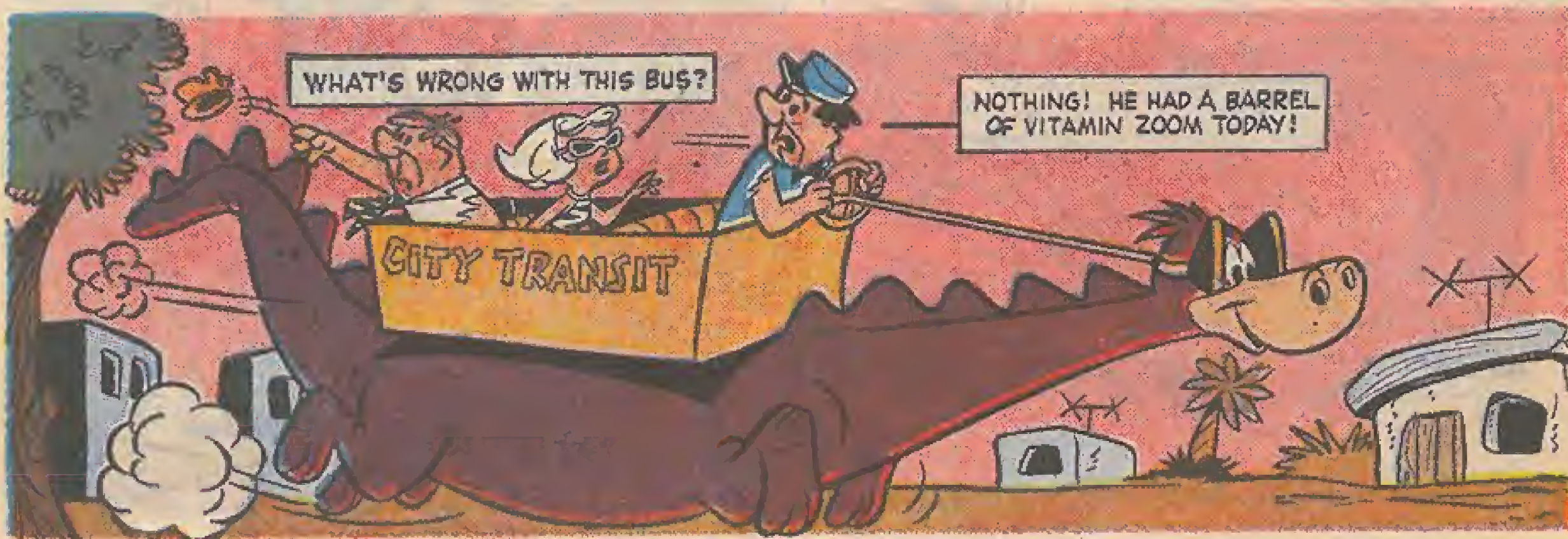
SURE! BUT THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE WE GET A CHANCE TO WEAR THEM, NOW THAT WE'RE WORKING SIX NIGHTS A WEEK!

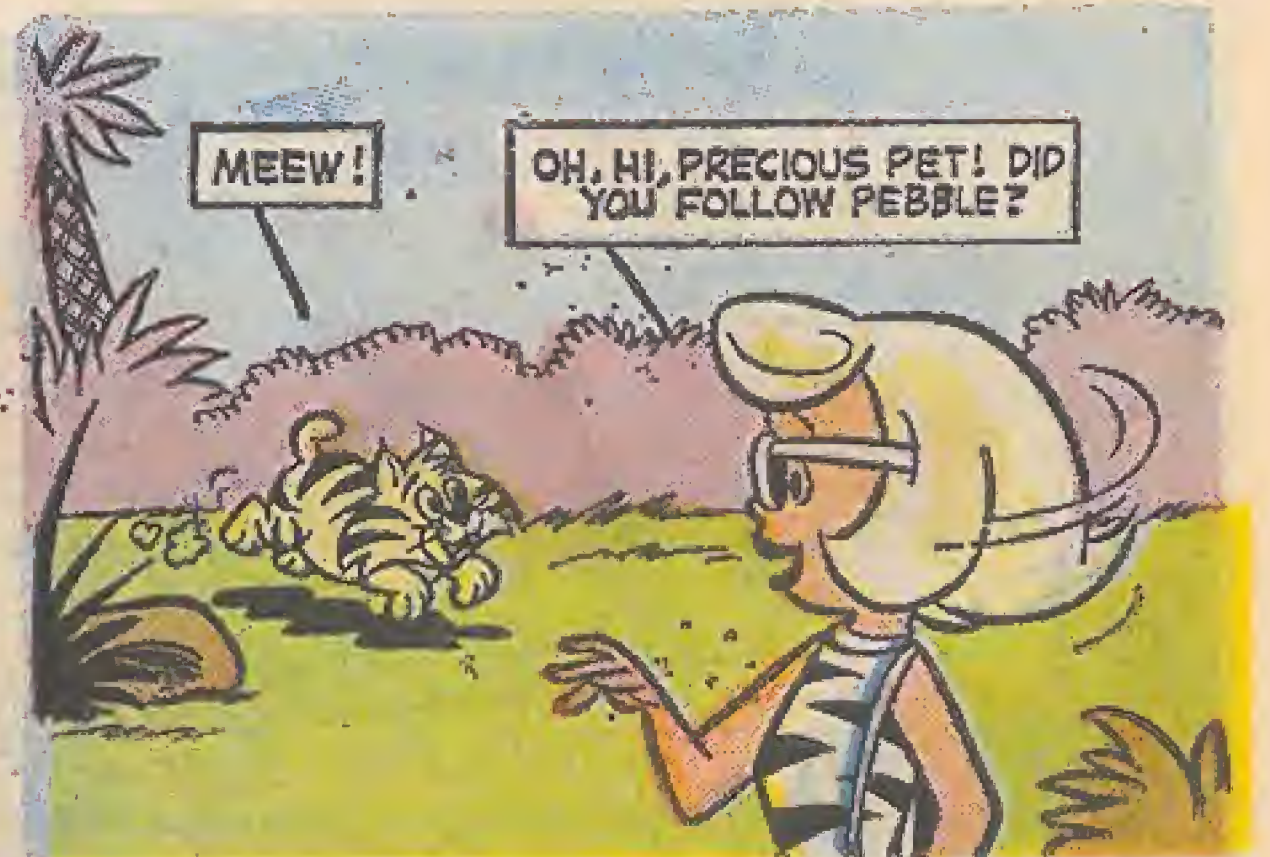


Hanna-Barbera
PEBBLE BLEACH

BEAUTY PARLOR PANIC









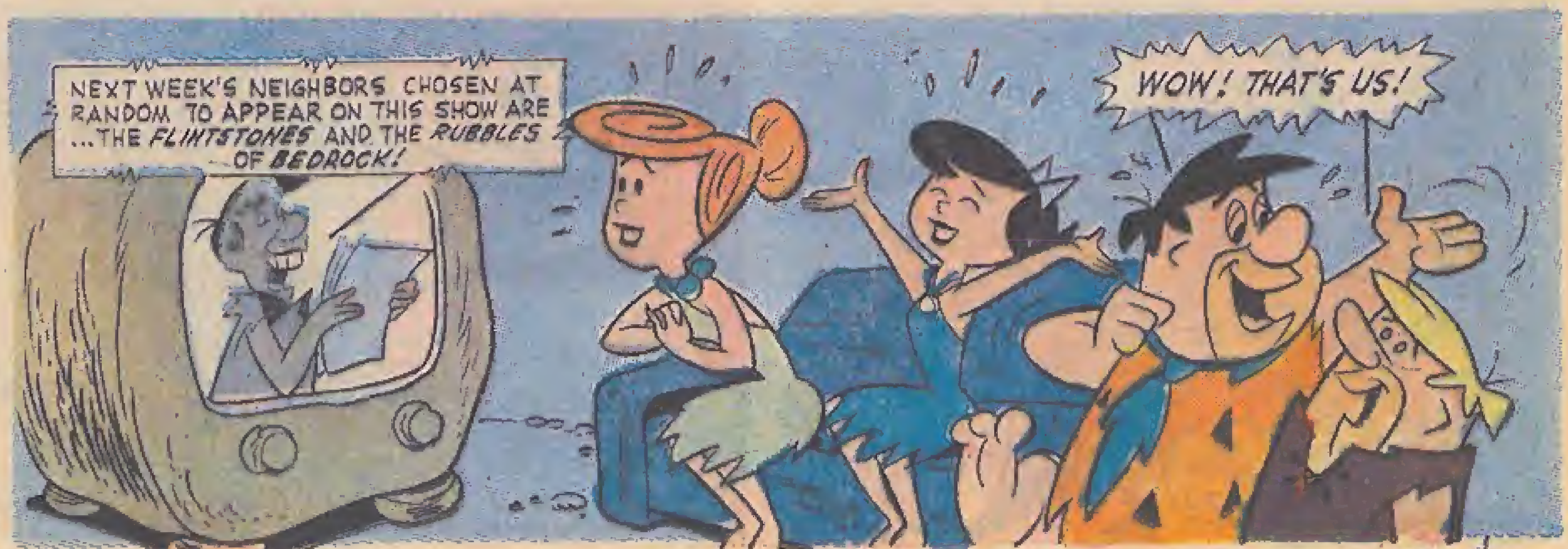
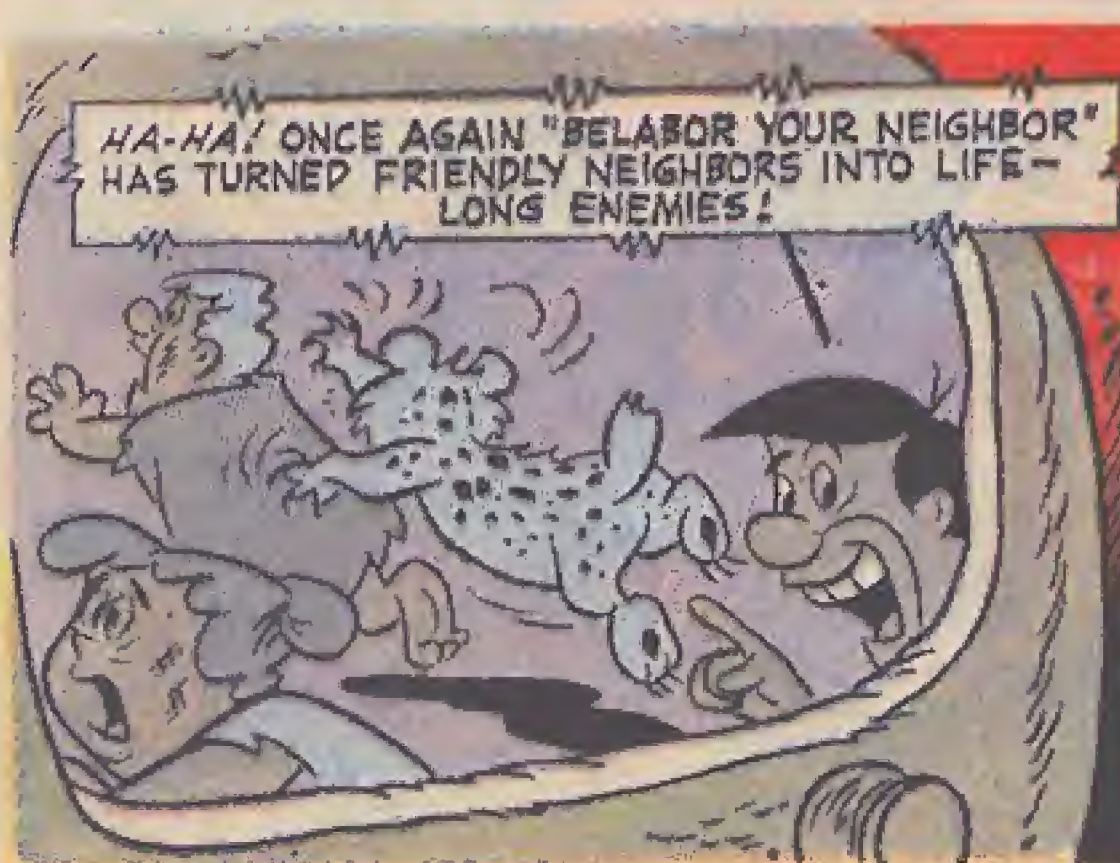




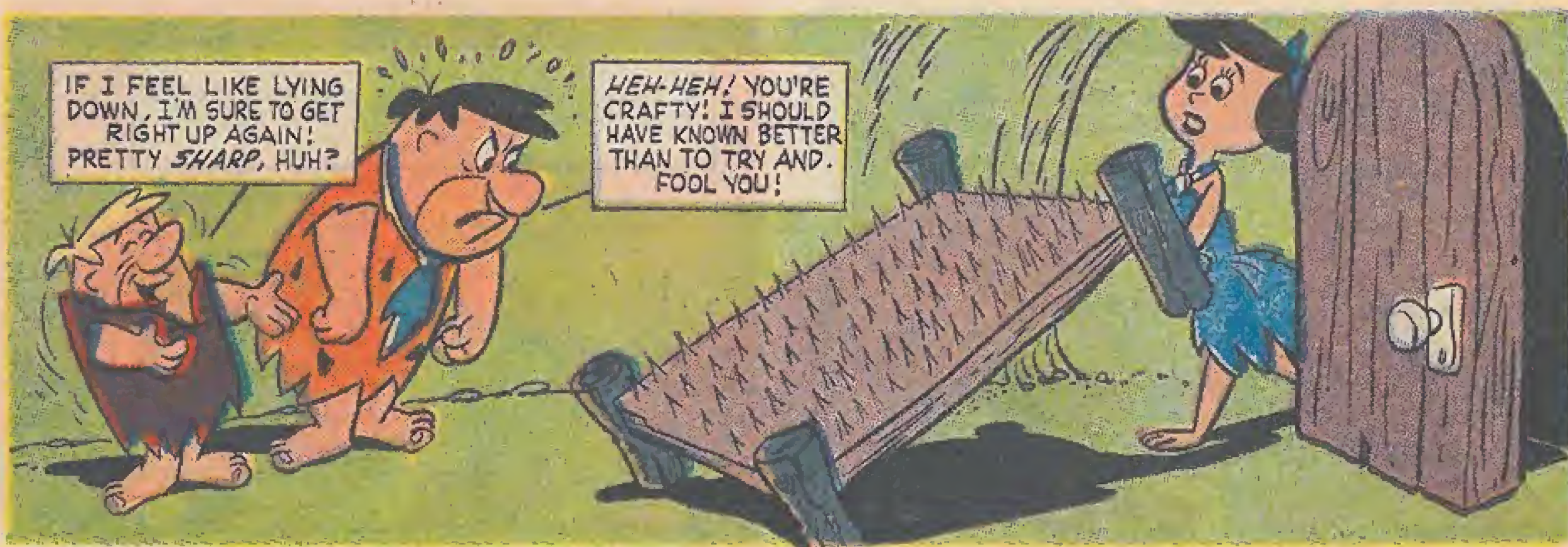
Hanna-Barbera
the FLINTSTONES

THE NIGHTLY NIGHT FIGHT



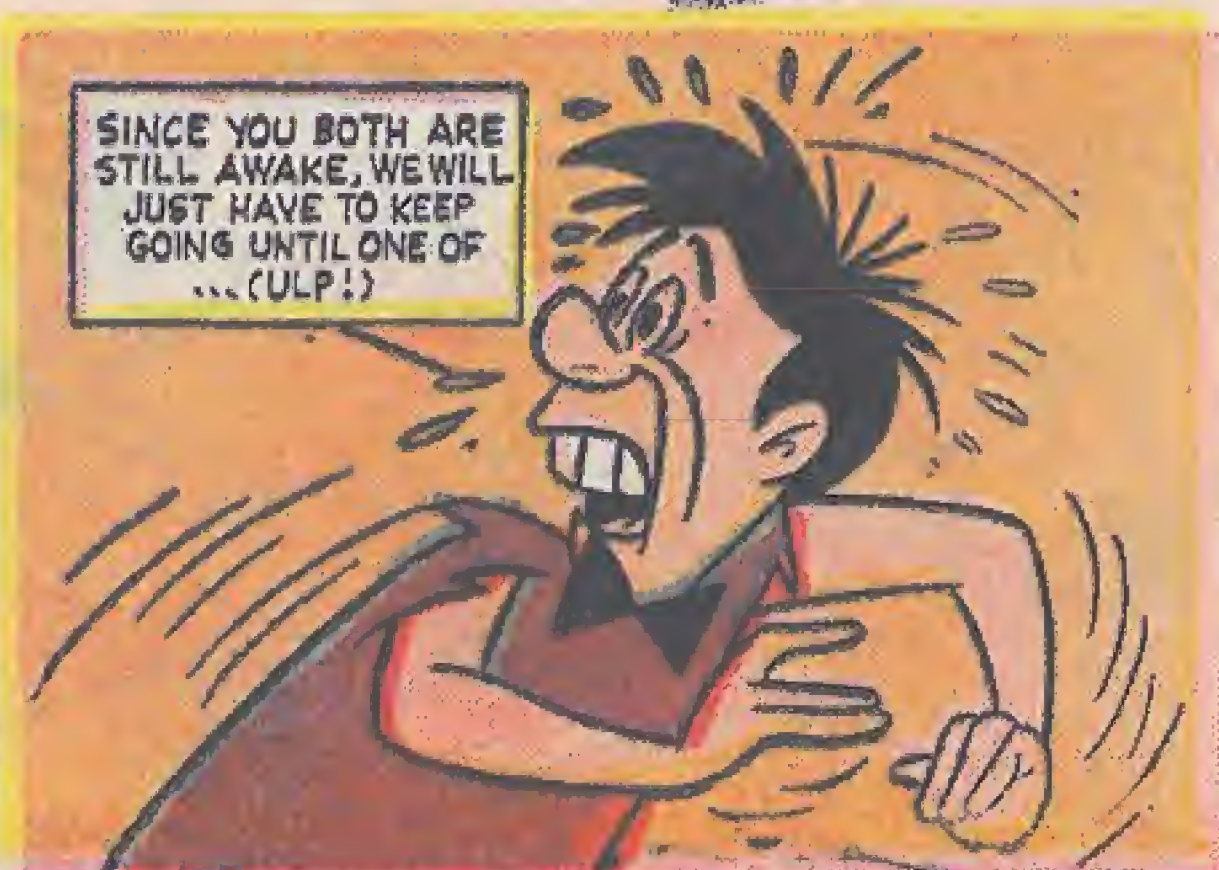


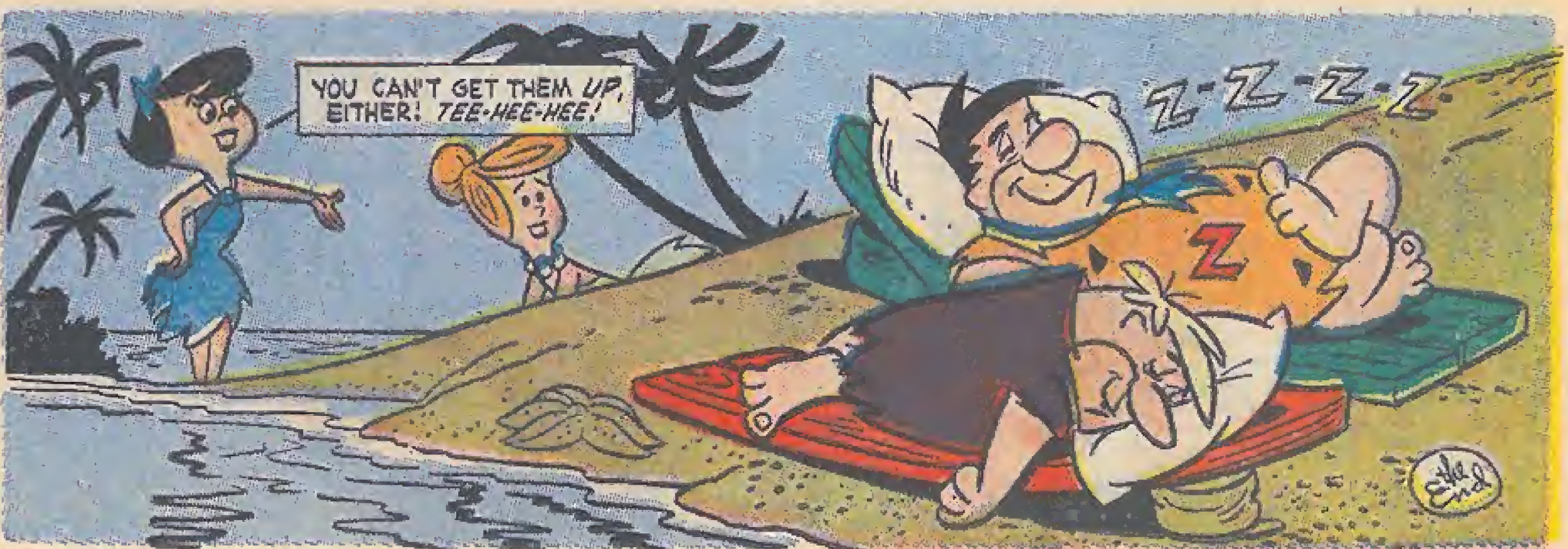
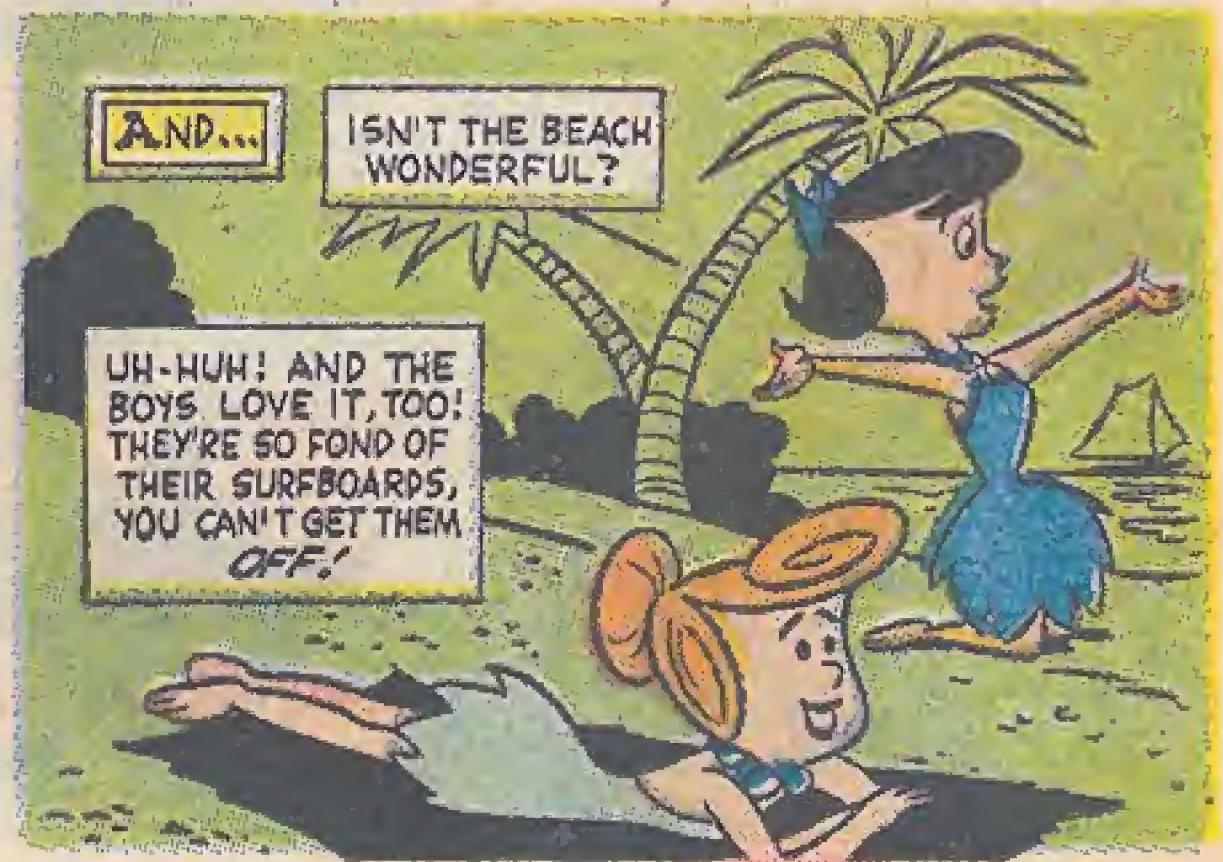
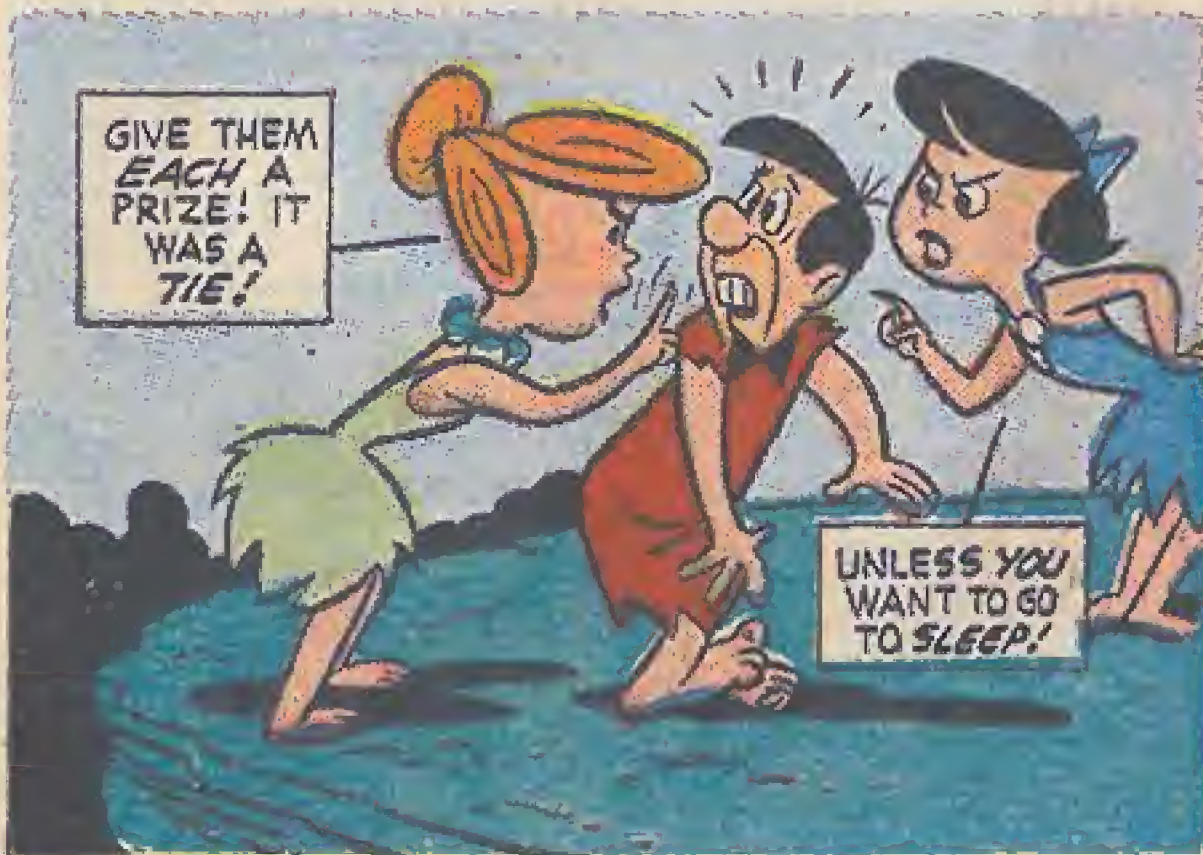




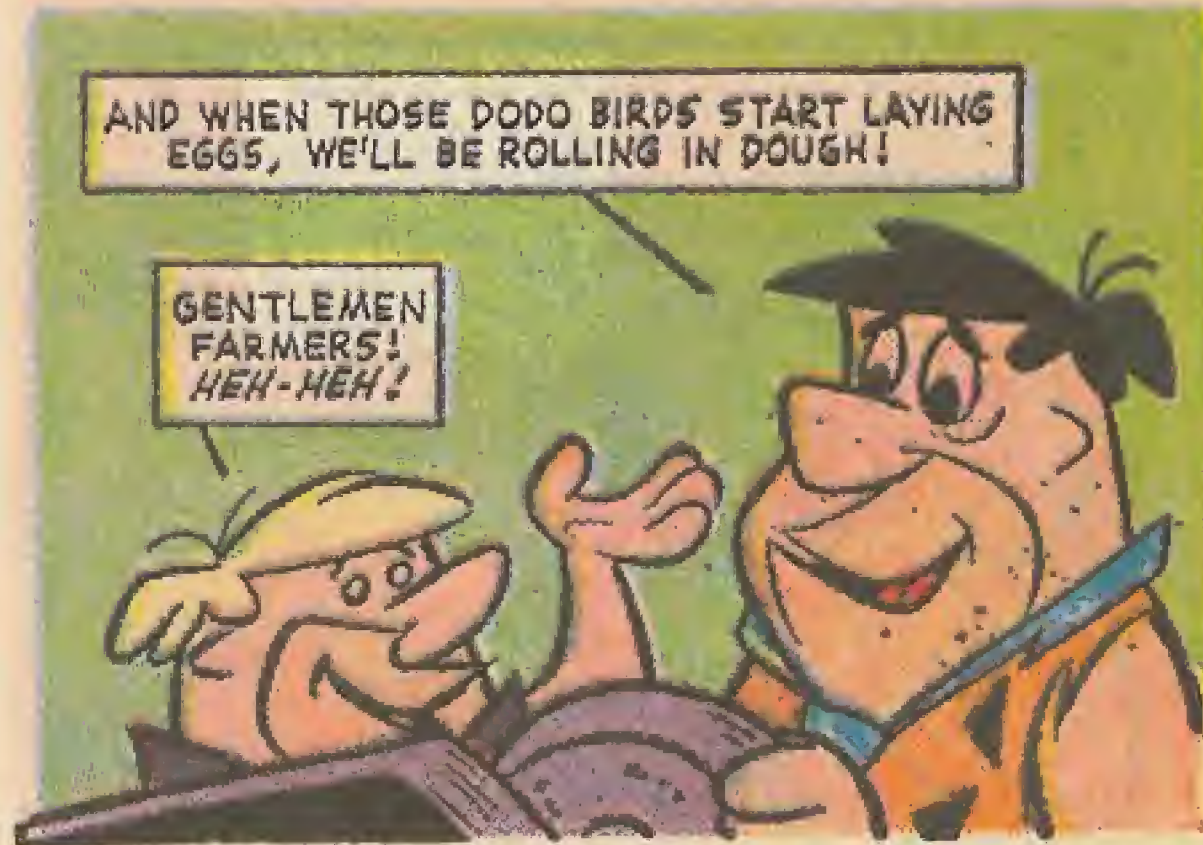












ER...THAT'S NOT THE COOP, DEAR! IT'S THE HOUSE! THE COOP IS IN BACK!



YOU EXPECT US TO MOVE INTO THIS SHACK?

I'LL BET IT DOESN'T EVEN HAVE RUNNING HOT WATER!



NO, BUT YOU CAN GET HOT WATER BY RUNNING! SEE, THIS NATURAL HOT SPRINGS POOL IS JUST A FEW YARDS FROM THE HOUSE!



SWELL!

LET'S GO INSIDE, GIRLS!



HMM! WHEN DID FRANKENSTEIN MOVE OUT?

IT'S NOT THAT BAD! IT JUST NEEDS A LITTLE FIXING UP!

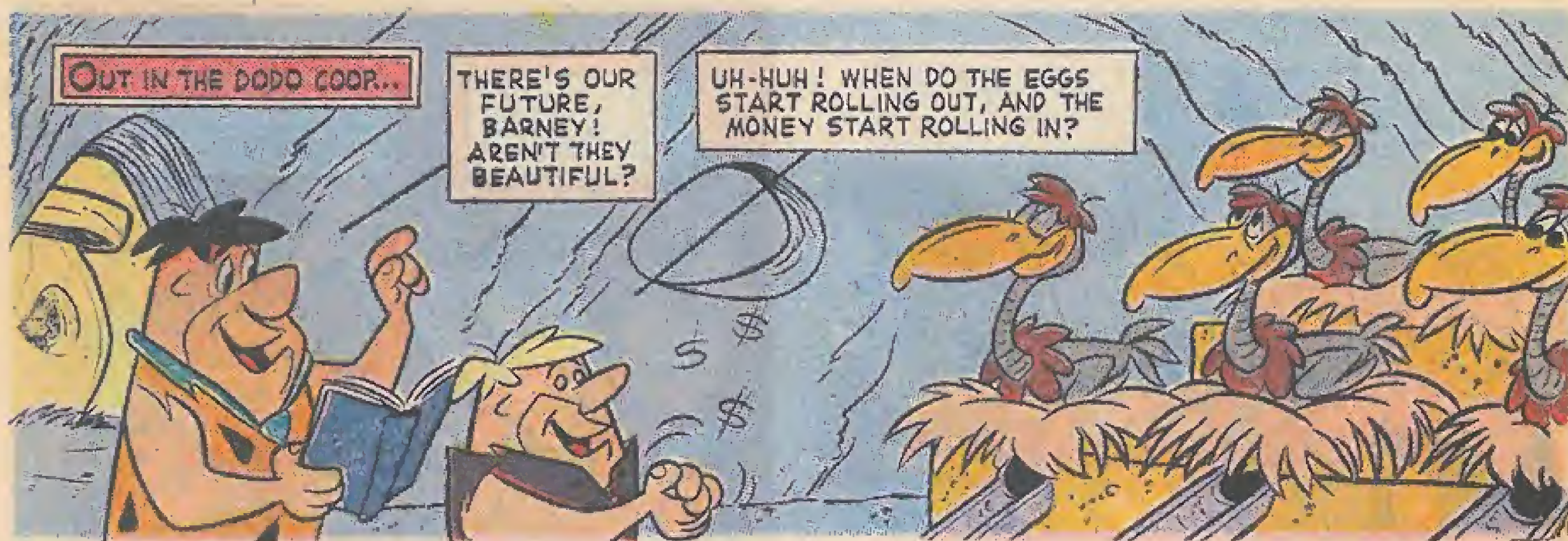
WE'RE GOING TO CHECK OUR DODO BIRDS!

HAVE THE PLACE LOOKING NICE BY DINNERTIME!

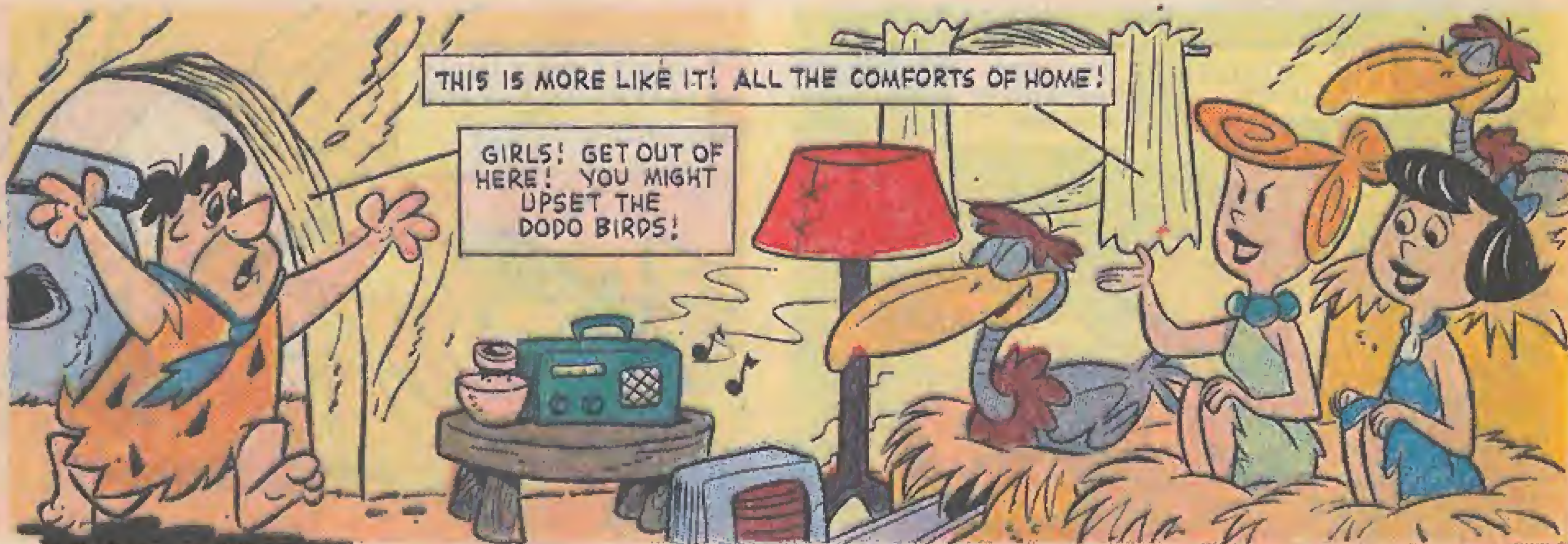


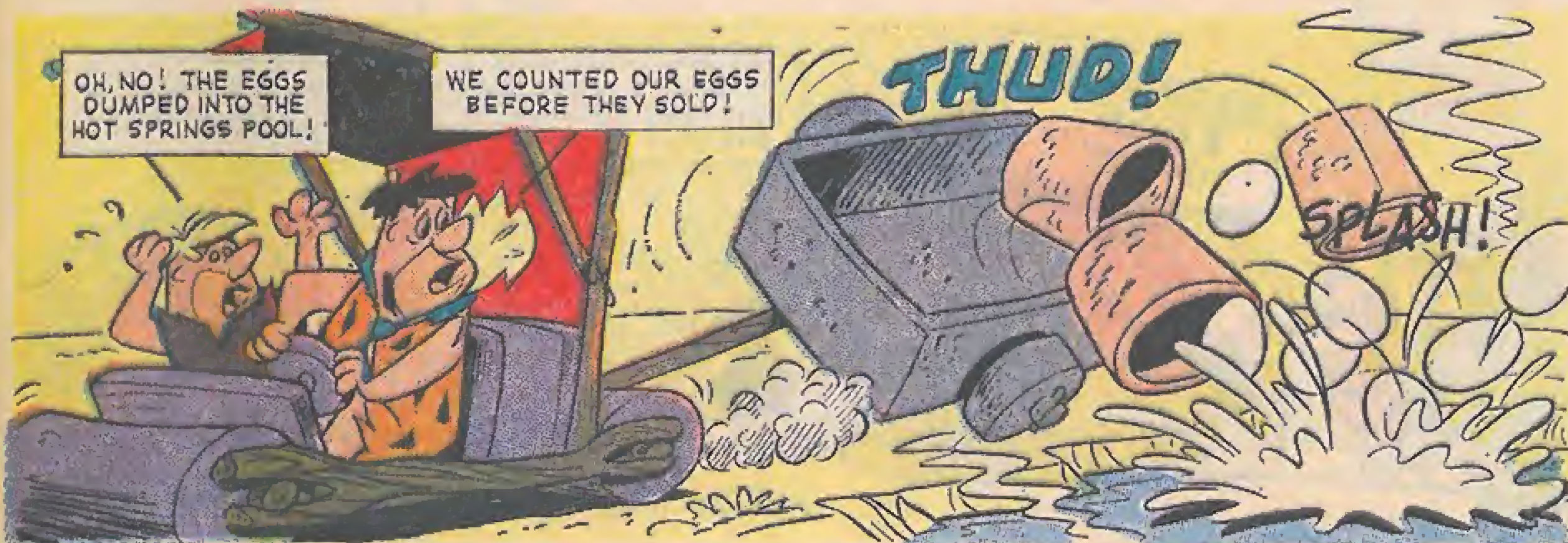
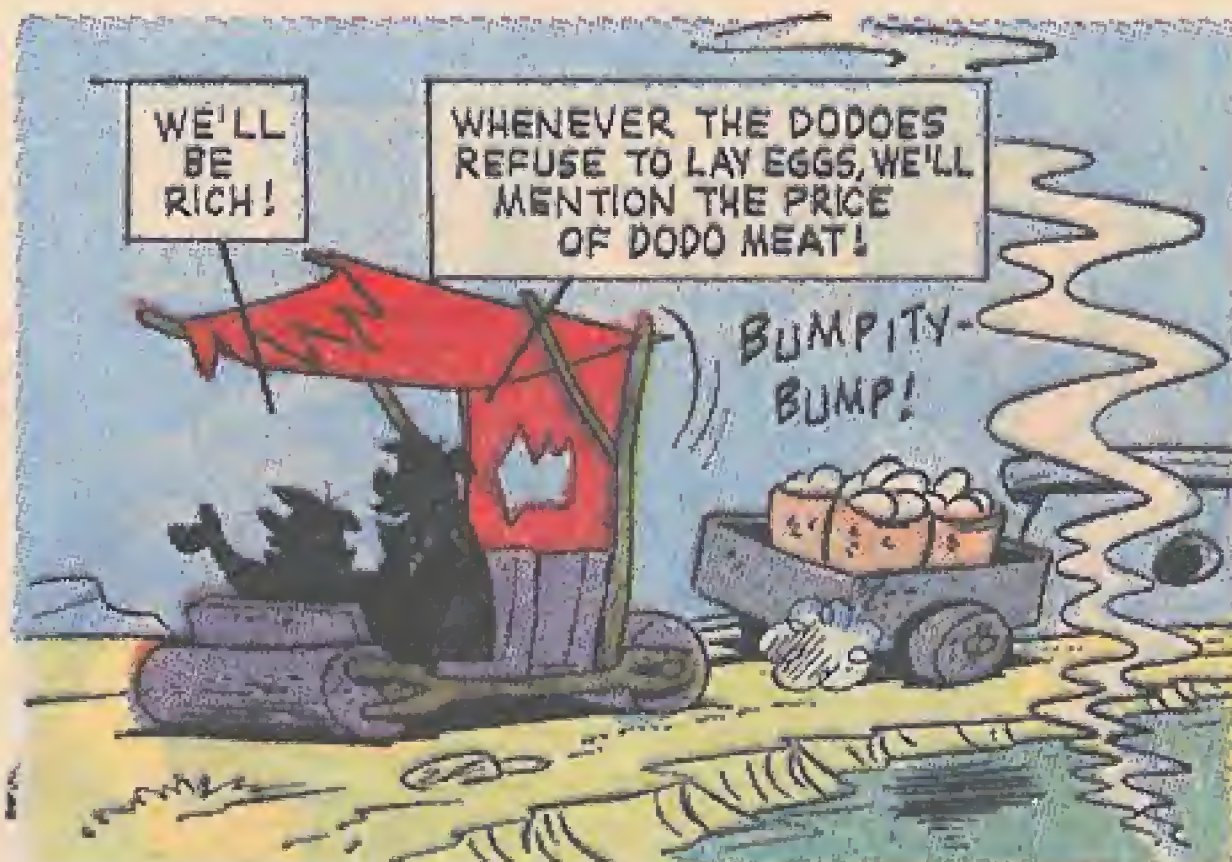
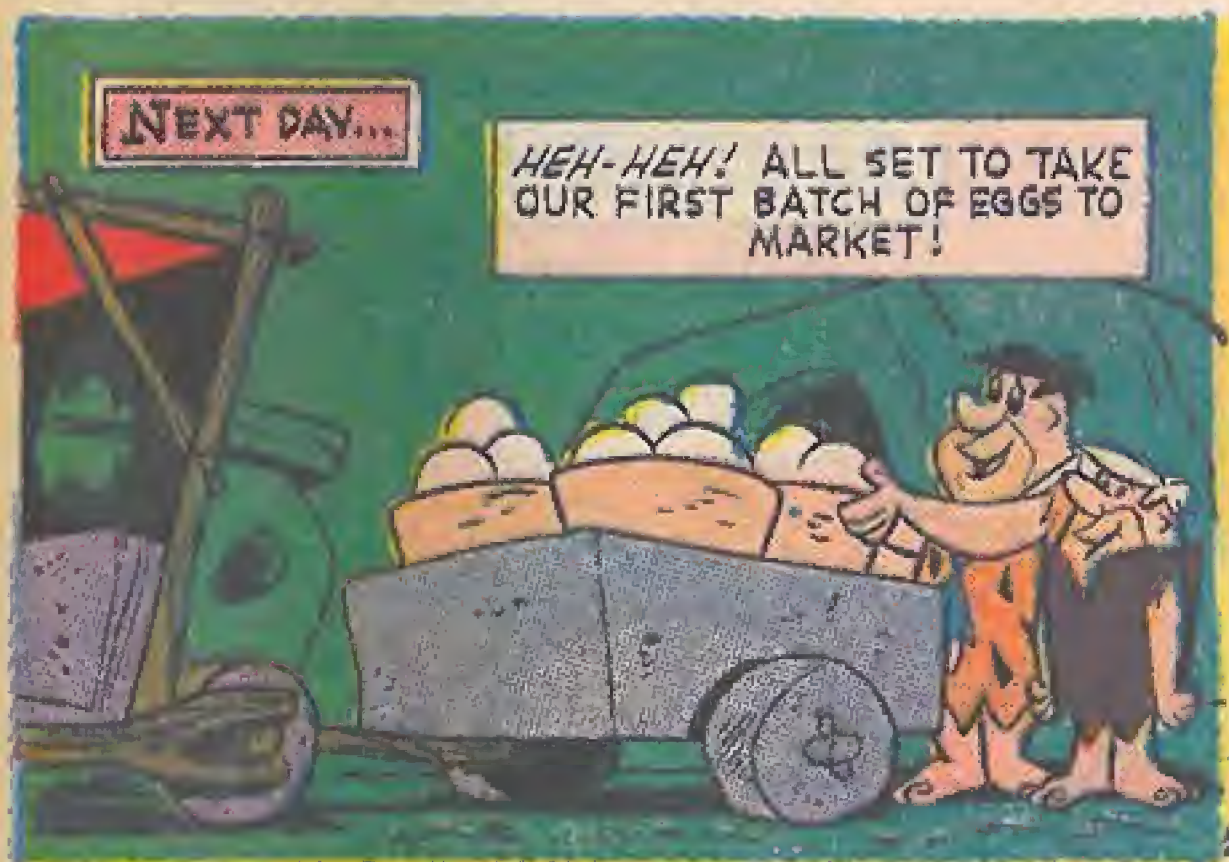
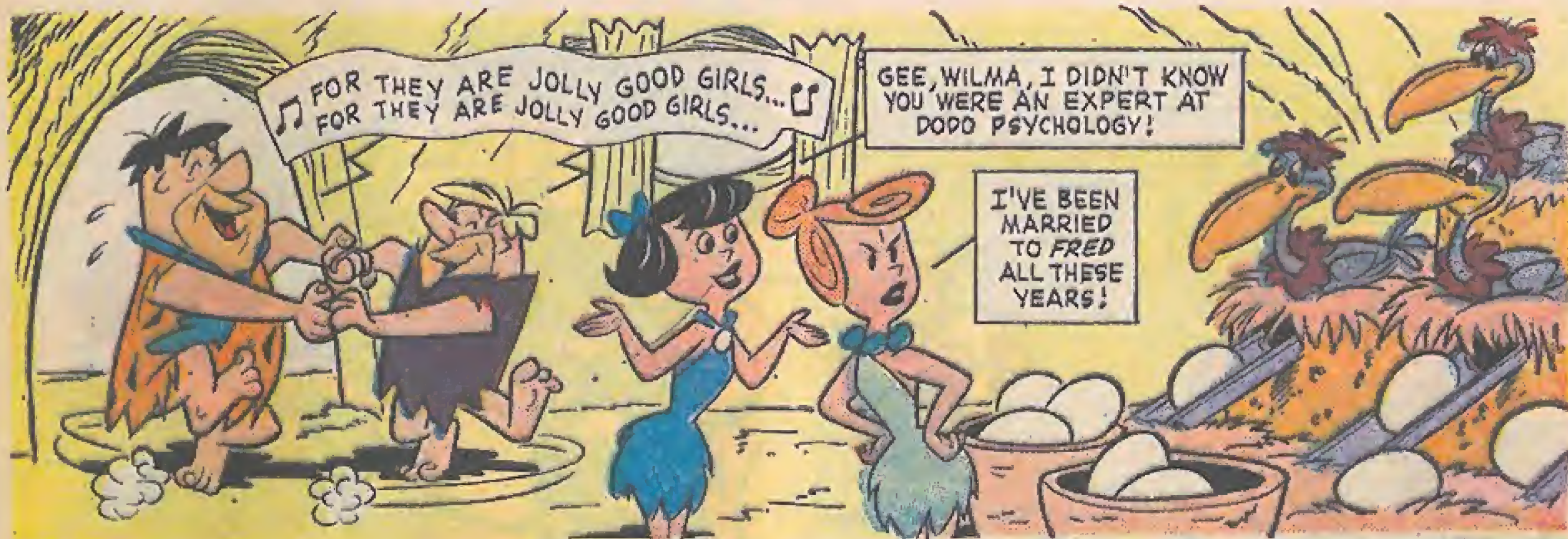
DON'T THROW IT, BETTY! IT MIGHT HIT THE WALL, AND THE WHOLE PLACE WOULD TOPPLE ON US!













LOOK, FRED! NONE OF THEM ARE BROKEN!

WE CAN STILL SAVE THEM! GET A NET AND WE'LL HAUL THEM OUT!



SOON...

HOORAY! ALL IS NOT LOST! WE RETRIEVED THE EGGS!

HERE'S THE LAST ONE!



OWWW!!

HEY! THAT EGG IS HARD-BOILED!

CRACK!



OH, NO! THAT HOT WATER HARD-BOILED ALL THE EGGS!

SO? EGGS ARE FIFTY CENTS A DOZEN AT THE MARKET!



BUT, HARD-BOILED EGGS COST FIFTEEN CENTS A PIECE!

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



So...

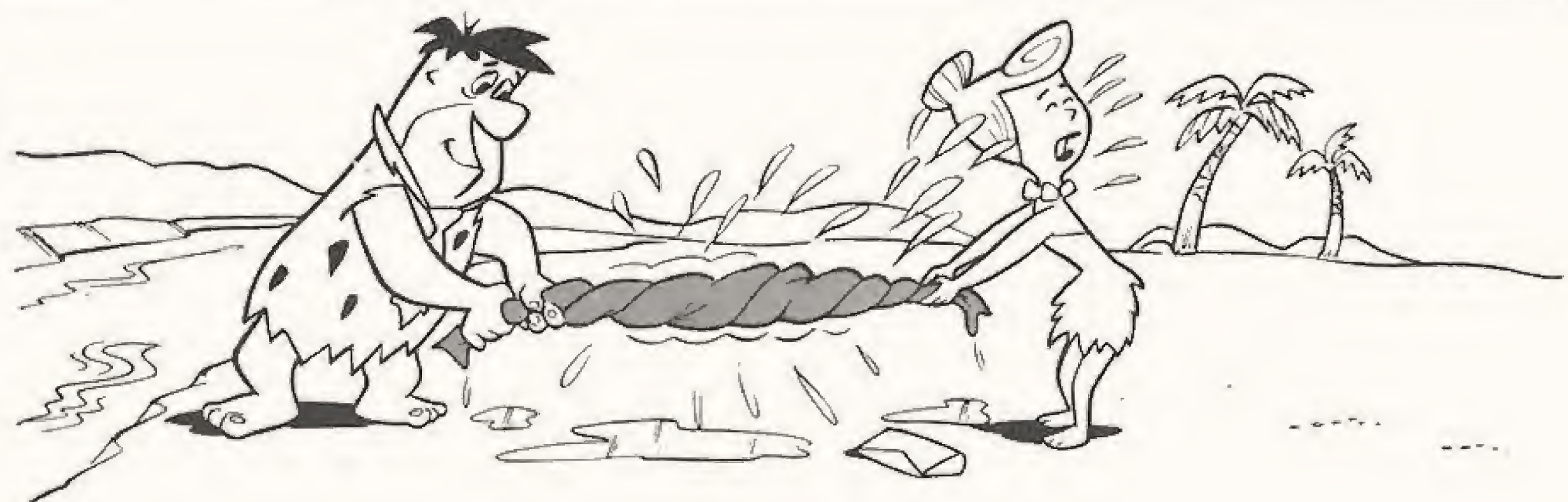
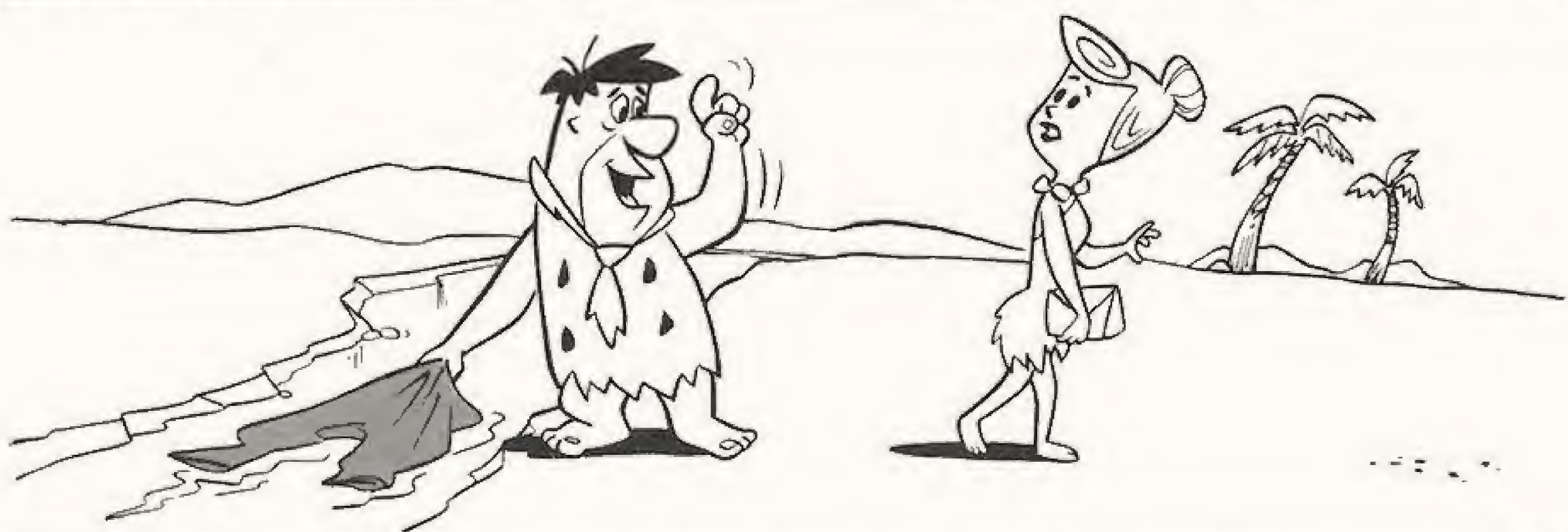
HARD-BOILED EGGS 10¢ EACH

TEE-HEE! I GUESS THE BOYS HAVE A BRAIN FOR BUSINESS, AFTER ALL!

UH-HUH! A COUPLE OF REAL EGGHEADS! TEE-HEE!



A Flintstone Funny



THE FLINTSTONES

PIN-UP

